HISTORY

OF THE

UNITED STATES

FROM ABORIGINAL TIMES
TO TAFT'S ADMINISTRATION

By

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HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

PART I

ABORIGINAL AMERICA

CHAPTER I

THE RED MEN

THE primitive inhabitants of the New World were the Red men called Indians. The name *Indian* was given to them from their supposed identity with the people of India. Columbus and his followers believed that they had reached the islands of the far East, and that the natives were of the same race with the inhabitants of the Indies. The supposed similarity between the two peoples, if limited to personal appearance, had some foundation in fact; but in manners, customs, and character, no two races could be more dissimilar than the American aborigines and the inhabitants of China and Japan.

The origin of the Indians is involved in great obscurity. At what date or by what route they

came to the New World is unknown. The notion that the Red men are the descendants of the Israelites is absurd. That Europeans or Africans, at some early period, crossed the Atlantic by sailing from island to island, seems highly improbable. That the people of Kamtchatka came by way of Behring Strait into the northwestern parts of America, has little evidence to support it. Perhaps a more thorough knowledge of the Indian languages may yet throw some light on the origin and early history of the American races.

The Indians belonged to the hunting and fishing stage of economic development. It is true that here and there they had risen to the agricultural stage; they tilled the soil in a rude way; but for the most part the Indian, when discovered by the Europeans, was a child of the forest and the plain and the bow and arrow were his chief weapons. To him the chase was everything. To smite with swift arrow the deer and the bear was his chief delight and profit. Such a race of men could live only in a country of woods and wild animals. The illimitable hunting-grounds—forest, and hill, and river—were the Indian's earthly Paradise.

The American aborigines belonged to several distinct families or nations. North of the sixtieth parallel of latitude dwelt the Esquimaux. The name means *the eaters of raw meat.* They lived in snow huts, or in hovels partly or wholly underground. Sometimes their houses were constructed out of the bones of whales and walruses. Their

manner of life was that of fishermen and hunters. They clad themselves in winter with the skins of seals, and in summer with those of reindeer. Inured to cold and exposure, they made long journeys in sledges drawn by dogs, or risked their lives in open boats fighting with whales and polar bears among the icebergs.

The greater portion of the United States east of the Mississippi was peopled by the family of the Algonquins. Their original home was on the Ottawa River. At the beginning of the seventeenth century they numbered fully a quarter of a million. The tribes of this great family were nomadic in their habits, roaming about from one hunting-ground and river to another. There are probably fewer than 100,000 Algonquins remaining at this day.

Around the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario lived the Iroquois. Their domain extended south of the lakes to the valley of the Upper Ohio. At the time of their greatest power the Iroquois embraced no fewer than nine different nations. The chief of these were the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Mohawks, constituting the famous Five Nations of New York. The warriors of this confederacy presented the Indian character under its most favorable aspect. They were brave, patriotic, and eloquent; not wholly averse to useful industry; living in respectable villages; tilling the soil with considerable success; faithful as friends, but terrible as enemies. Among the most highly civilized Indians are the Chero-

kees of the South, who are said to be of the Iroquois family.

West of the Mississippi was the great family of the Dakotas, whose territory extended from the Arkansas River to the country of the Esquimaux, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. Their languages and institutions, differing much among the various tribes, are not so well understood as those of some other nations. South of the Dakotas, in a district nearly corresponding with the State of Texas, lived the wild Comanches, whose very name is a synonym for savage ferocity. Beyond the Rocky Mountains were the Indian nations of the plains: the widely-spread families of the Shoshonees, the Selish, the Klamaths, and the Californians. On the Pacific slope, farther southward, dwelt in former times the famous races of Aztecs and Toltecs—the most civilized and least warlike of the primitive Indian nations.

The Indians were strongly marked with national peculiarities. The most striking characteristic of the race was a certain sense of personal independence—willfulness of action—freedom from restraint. Next among the propensities of the Red men was the passion for war—a passion almost universal. Their wars, however, were always undertaken for the redress of grievances, real or imaginary, and not for conquest. But with the Indian a redress of grievances meant a bloody personal vengeance on the offender. Revenge was the prime motive in every Indian conflict. To forgive an injury was considered a shame. The

Red men's strategy in war consisted of craft, treachery, and cunning. The open battle of the field was unknown among them. Fighting was limited to the ambuscade and the massacre. Quarter was rarely asked, and seldom granted.

In times of peace the Indian character appeared to a better advantage. But the Red man was always unsocial and solitary. He was a man of the woods. He sat apart, communing with himself and solitude. He thought the forest better than his wigwam, and his wigwam better than the village. The Indian woman was a degraded creature—a mere drudge and beast of burden. The social principle was at a low ebb among the Indians; family and domestic ties almost unrecognized.

Civil government hardly existed among the native American nations. Each tribe had its own sachem, or chieftain, to whom in matters of peace and war a certain degree of obedience was rendered. Sometimes confederations were formed, based on the ties of kinship or the necessities of war. But these confederations seldom lasted long, and were likely at any time to be broken up by the barbarous tribes who composed them. Sometimes a chieftain would arise with such marked abilities of leadership as to gain an influence over several nations. But with the death of the chief, each tribe would regain its independence and return to its own ways. No general Indian Congress was known; but councils were frequently called to debate questions of policy and right.

In the matter of the arts the Indian was a barbarian. His house was a wigwam or hovel, built of poles set up in a circle, and covered with skins and the branches of trees. The door was a simple opening opposite the point from which the wind blew; the floor and the walls were covered with mats; a fire was kindled on the ground in the center. Household utensils were few and rude. Earthen pots, bags and pouches for carrying provisions, and stone hammers for pounding corn, were the stock and store. The Indian's weapons of offense and defense were the hatchet and the bow and arrow. In times of war he painted his face and body with all manner of glaring and fantastic colors. The elegant arts were wholly wanting. Indian writing consisted of half-intelligible hieroglyphics scratched on the face of rocks or cut in the bark of trees.

The Indian languages bear little resemblance to those of other races, but have great similarity among themselves. The vocabulary of the Red man was a very limited one. The principal objects of nature and common actions and emotions had special names; but abstract ideas were expressed with great difficulty and almost endless circumlocution. Indian words had a narrow but very intense meaning. There was, for instance, no word signifying *to hunt* or *to fish;* but one word meant "to kill a deer with an arrow"; another, "to take fish by striking the ice." Among some of the tribes the meaning of words was so restricted that the warrior would use one

term and the squaw another to express the same idea.

The Indians were generally sedate in manners and serious in behavior. Sometimes, however, they gave themselves up to merry-making and hilarity. The dance was universal—not the social dance of civilized nations, but the dance of ceremony, of religion, and of war. Various amusements were common, such as running, leaping, wrestling, shooting at a mark, racing in canoes along swift rivers or placid lakes, playing at ball, or engaging in intricate and exciting games. The use of tobacco was universal and excessive; and after the introduction of intoxicating liquors by the Europeans, the Indians fell into terrible drunkenness.

In personal appearance the Red men were strongly marked. In stature they were nearly all below the average of Europeans. The Esquimaux are rarely five feet high, but are generally thick-set and heavy. The Algonquins are taller and lighter in build; a straight and agile race, lean and swift of foot. The eyes are jet-black and sunken; hair black and straight; beard black and scant; skin copper-colored or brown; cheek-bones high; forehead and skull variable in shape and proportion; hands and feet small; body lithe but not strong; expression sinister, or rarely dignified and noble.

For centuries the Indian race has been declining. The only hope of its perpetuity seems now to center in the Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, and

Chickasaws of Oklahoma. These nations, numbering in the aggregate about forty-eight thousand souls, have attained a considerable degree of civilization. Most of the other tribes seem to be approaching extinction. Whether the Red man has been justly deprived of the ownership of the New World will remain a subject of debate; that he *has* been deprived can be none. The white races have taken possession of the vast domain. The weaker people have withered from the presence of the stronger. By the majestic rivers and in the depths of the solitary woods the feeble sons of the Bow and Arrow will be seen no more. To the prairies and forests, the hunting-grounds of his fathers, the Red man says farewell.

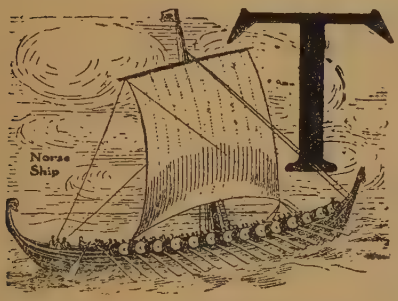
PART II

VOYAGE AND DISCOVERY

A.D. 1000-1607

CHAPTER I

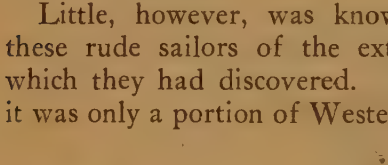
THE ICELANDERS AND NORWEGIANS IN AMERICA



THE first European who is known to have discovered America was Lief Ericson. In the year 1000 Lief Ericson sailed from Norway for Greenland to carry Christianity to his father, who had made a settlement on that island. He was sent by the King of Norway, who had recently been converted to Christianity. Ericson, however, missed the way, steering too far southward, and landed on the coast of North America. He and his crew made

a landing and remained for some months, reaching Greenland late in the year. The new country was called Vinland, because grapes were found growing wild. As the vine does not grow north of the fiftieth parallel, the Northmen must have landed south of that line; but the exact spot cannot be ascertained. It might have been Nova Scotia, or the coast of New England. In the following years other voyages were made to the same coast by the Northmen, and they may have planted colonies; but, if so, they were soon abandoned. The Norse sagas inform us that the voyages continued at intervals for many years, but finally ceased altogether.

Little, however, was known or imagined by these rude sailors of the extent of the country which they had discovered. They supposed that it was only a portion of Western Greenland which, bending to the north around an arm of the ocean, had reappeared in the west. The settlements which were made were feeble and soon broken up. Commerce was an impossibility in a country where there were only a few wretched savages with no disposition to buy and nothing at all to sell. The spirit of adventure was soon appeased, and the restless Northmen returned to their own country.



Viking Ship Found at Gokstadt

An event is to be weighed by its consequences. From the discovery of America by the Norsemen, *nothing whatever resulted.* The world was neither wiser nor better. Among the Icelanders themselves the place and the very name of Vinland were forgotten. Historians have until late years been incredulous on the subject, and the fact is as though it had never been. The curtain which had been lifted for a moment was stretched again from sky to sea, and the New World still lay hidden in the shadows.

CHAPTER II

SPANISH DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA

It was reserved for the people of a sunnier clime than Iceland first to make known to the European nations the existence of a Western continent. Spain was the happy country under whose auspicious patronage a new world was to be added to the old; but the man who was destined to make the revelation was not himself a Spaniard: he was to come from genial Italy, the land of olden valor and the home of so much greatness. Christopher Columbus was the name of that man whom after ages have justly rewarded with imperishable fame.

The idea that the world is round was not original with Columbus. Others before him had held a similar belief; but the opinion had been so feebly and uncertainly entertained as to lead to no prac-

tical results. Copernicus, the Prussian astronomer, had not yet taught, nor had Galileo, the great Italian, yet demonstrated, the true system of the universe. The English traveler, Sir John Mandeville, had declared in the very first English book that ever was written (A.D. 1356) that the world is a sphere; that he himself, when traveling northward, had seen the polar star approach the zenith, and that on going southward the antarctic constellations had risen overhead; and that it was both possible and practicable for a man to sail around the world and return to the place of starting: but neither Sir John himself nor any other seaman of his times was bold enough to undertake so hazardous an enterprise. Columbus was, no doubt, the first *practical* believer in the theory of circumnavigation; and although he never sailed around the world himself, he demonstrated the possibility of doing so.

Christopher Columbus

The great mistake with Columbus and others who shared his opinions was not concerning the figure of the earth, but in regard to its size. He believed the world to be no more than ten thou-

sand or twelve thousand miles in circumference. He therefore confidently expected that after sailing about three thousand miles to the westward he should arrive at the East Indies; and to do that was the one great purpose of his life.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, a seacoast town of Northwestern Italy, probably in 1446. He was carefully educated, and then devoted himself to the sea. His ancestors had been seamen before him. His own inclination as well as his early training made him a sailor. For twenty years he traversed the Mediterranean and the parts of the Atlantic adjacent to Europe; he visited Iceland; then went to Portugal, and finally to Spain. The idea of reaching the Indies by crossing the Atlantic had already possessed him. For more than ten years the poor enthusiast was a beggar, going from court to court, explaining to dull monarchs the figure of the earth and the ease with which the rich islands of the East might be reached by sailing westward. He found one appreciative listener, afterward his constant and faithful friend—the noble and sympathetic Isabella, queen of Castile. Be it never forgotten that to the faith, and insight, and decision of a woman the final success of Columbus must be attributed.

On the morning of the 3d day of August, 1492, Columbus, with his three ships, left the harbor of Palos. After seventy-one days of sailing, in the early dawn of October 12, Rodrigo Triana, who chanced to be on the lookout from the *Pinta,* set up a shout of *"Land!"* A gun was fired as the

signal. The ships lay to. There was music and jubilee, and just at sunrise Columbus himself first stepped ashore, shook out the royal banner of Castile in the presence of the wondering natives, and named the island San Salvador. During the three remaining months of this first voyage the islands of Concepcion, Cuba, and Hayti were added to the list of discoveries; and on the bay of

The Landing of Columbus

Caracola, in the last-named island, was erected out of the timbers of the *Santa Maria* a fort, the first structure built by Europeans in the New World. Early in January, 1493, Columbus sailed for Spain, where he arrived in March, and was everywhere greeted with rejoicings and applause.

In September of the following autumn Columbus sailed on his second voyage. He still believed that by this route westward he should reach, if indeed he had not already reached, the Indies.

The result of the second voyage was the discovery of the Windward group and the islands of Jamaica and Porto Rico. It was at this time that the first colony was established in Hayti and Columbus's brother appointed governor. After an absence of nearly three years, Columbus returned to Spain in the summer of 1496—returned to find himself the victim of a thousand bitter jealousies and suspicions. All the rest of his life was clouded with persecutions and misfortunes. He made a third voyage, discovered the island of Trinidad and the mainland of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco. Thence he sailed back to Hayti, where he found his colony disorganized; and here, while attempting to restore order, he was seized by Bobadilla, an agent of the Spanish government, put in chains and carried to Spain. After a disgraceful imprisonment, he was liberated and sent on a fourth and last voyage in search of the Indies; but besides making some explorations along the south side of the Gulf of Mexico, the expedition accomplished nothing, and Columbus, overwhelmed with discouragements, returned once more to his ungrateful country. The good Isabella was dead, and the great discoverer found himself at last a friendless old man tottering into

Vessel Used by Columbus

the grave. Death came, and fame afterward.

Of all the wrongs done to the memory of Columbus, perhaps the greatest was that which robbed him of the name of the new continent. This was bestowed upon Amerigo Vespucci, a native of Italy and a resident of Seville. Vespucci made at least three voyages, and in one of these, probably in 1501, he sailed down the coast of Brazil. Convinced that a new continent had been discovered, he wrote a brief pamphlet about it on his return to Europe. The pamphlet was translated into various languages and attracted much attention. In 1507 Professor Waldseemüller, of a little college in Lorraine, published a treatise on geography and suggested that the new world be called America, after its discoverer. The suggestion found favor everywhere, and the name America came to be applied, first to Brazil, later to all South America, and about 1541 to all the land area of the New World. Columbus, who had discovered only a few islands, had been almost forgotten. No one meant to defraud him, and the fact that his name was not bestowed on the New World must be classed as an accident born of ignorance.

Amerigo Vespucci

The discovery of America produced great excitement throughout the states of Western Europe. In Spain especially there was wonderful zeal and

enthusiasm. Within ten years after the death of Columbus, the principal islands of the West Indies were explored and colonized. In the year 1510 the Spaniards planted on the Isthmus of Darien their first continental colony. Three years later, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the governor of the colony, learning from the natives that another ocean lay only a short distance to the westward, crossed the isthmus and from an eminence looked down upon the Pacific. Not satisfied with merely seeing the great water, he waded in a short distance, and, drawing his sword after the pompous Spanish fashion, took possession of the ocean in the name of the king of Spain.

Balboa Taking Possession of the Pacific Ocean

Meanwhile, Juan Ponce de Leon, who had been a companion of Columbus on his second voyage, fitted out a private expedition of discovery and adventure. De Leon had grown rich as governor of Porto Rico, and while growing rich had also grown old. But there was a fountain of perpetual youth somewhere in the Bahamas—so said all the learning and intelligence of Spain—and in that fountain the wrinkled old cavalier would bathe

and be young again. So in the year 1512 he set sail from Porto Rico; and stopping first at San Salvador and the neighboring islands, he came, on Easter Sunday, the 27th of March, in sight of an unknown shore. He supposed that another island more beautiful than the rest was discovered. There were waving forests, green leaves, birds of song, and the fragrance of blossoms. Partly in honor of the day, called in the ritual of the Church, Pascua Florida, and partly to describe the delightful landscape that opened on his sight, he named the new shore Florida—the Land of Flowers.

The king of Spain rewarded Ponce with the governorship of his Land of Flowers, and sent him thither again to establish a colony. The aged veteran did not, however, reach his province until the year 1521, and then it was only to find the Indians in a state of bitter hostility. Scarcely had he landed when they fell upon him in a furious battle; many of the Spaniards were killed outright, and the rest had to betake themselves to the ships for safety. Ponce de Leon himself received a mortal wound from an arrow, and was carried back to Cuba to die.

CHAPTER III

SPANISH DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA.—CONTINUED

THE year 1517 was marked by the discovery of Yucatan and the Bay of Campeachy by Fernandez

de Cordova. While exploring the northern coast of the country, his company was attacked by the natives, and he himself mortally wounded. In the year 1519, Fernando Cortez landed with his fleet at Tabasco and began his famous conquest of Mexico. These events, however, do not properly belong to the history of the United States.

Of all the daring enterprises which marked the beginning of the sixteenth century, that of Ferdinand Magellan—though not immediately affecting the history of the United States—is worthy of special mention. A Portuguese by birth, a navigator by profession, this man, so noted for extraordinary boldness and ability, determined to discover a southwest rather than a northwest passage to Asia. With this object in view, he appealed to the king of Portugal for ships and men. The monarch listened coldly, and did nothing to give encouragement. Incensed at this treatment, Magellan threw off his allegiance, went to Spain—the usual resort of disappointed seamen—and laid his plans before Charles V. The emperor caught eagerly at the opportunity, and ordered a fleet of five ships to be immediately fitted at the public expense and properly manned with crews.

The voyage was begun from Seville in August of 1519. Sailing southward across the equinoctial line, Magellan soon reached the coast of South America, and spent the autumn in explorations, hoping to find some strait that should lead him westward into that ocean which Balboa had discovered six years previously. Not at first success-

ful in this effort, he passed the winter—which was summer on that side of the equator—somewhere on the coast of Brazil. Renewing his voyage southward, he came at last to the eastern mouth of that strait which still bears the name of its discoverer, and passing through it found himself in the open and boundless ocean. The weather was beautiful, and the peaceful deep was called the Pacific.

Setting his prows to the north of west, Magellan now held steadily on his course for nearly four months. In March of 1520 he came to the group of islands called the Ladrones, situated about midway between Australia and Japan. Sailing still westward, he reached the Philippine group, where he was killed in a battle with the natives. A new captain was chosen, and the voyage continued by way of the Moluccas, where a cargo of spices was taken on board for the market of Western Europe. Only a single ship was deemed in a fit condition to venture on the homeward voyage; but in this vessel the crews embarked, and returning by way of the Cape of Good Hope arrived in Spain on the 17th day of September, 1522. The circumnavigation of the globe, long believed in as a possibility, had now become a thing of reality. The theory of the old astronomers, of Mandeville and of Columbus, had been proved by actual demonstration.

The next important voyage undertaken to the shores of America was by De Ayllon in the year 1520. Landing on the coast of South Carolina,

he enticed a large number of Indians on board his ships, and sailed away, intending to make slaves of them. But many of them were lost in the wrecking of one of his two vessels and most of those remaining pined away and died.

Going at once to Spain, De Ayllon repeated the story of his exploit to Charles V., who rewarded him with a governorship and the privilege of conquest. Returning to his province in 1525, he found the natives intensely hostile. His best ship ran aground in the mouth of the Jordan, and the outraged Indians fell upon him with fury, killing many of the treacherous crew, and making the rest glad enough to get away with their lives. De Ayllon himself returned to St. Domingo humiliated and ruined. Thus ended the first disgraceful effort to enslave the Indians.

In the year 1526, Charles V. appointed the unprincipled Pamphilo de Narvaez governor of Florida, and to the appointment was added the usual privilege of conquest. De Narvaez arrived at Tampa Bay in April, 1528. His force consisted of two hundred and sixty soldiers and forty horsemen. The natives treated them with suspicion, and, anxious to be rid of the intruders, began to hold up their gold trinkets and to point to the north. The hint was eagerly caught at by the avaricious Spaniards, whose imaginations were set on fire with the sight of the precious metal. They struck boldly into the forests, expecting to find cities and empires, and found instead swamps and savages. They reached the Withlacoochie and

crossed it by swimming, they passed over the Suwanee in a canoe which they made for the occasion, and finally came to Apalachee, a squalid village of forty cabins. This, then, was the mighty city to which their guides had directed them.

Oppressed with fatigue and goaded by hunger, they plunged again into the woods, wading through lagoons and assailed by lurking savages, until at last they reached the sea at the harbor of St. Mark's. Here they expected to find their ships, but not a ship was there, or had been. With great labor they constructed some brigantines, and put to sea in the vain hope of reaching the Spanish settlements in Mexico. They were tossed by storms, driven out of sight of land and then thrown upon the shore again, drowned, slain by the savages, left in the solitary woods dead of starvation and despair, until finally four miserable men of all the adventurous company, under the leadership of the heroic De Vaca, first lieutenant of the expedition, were rescued at the village of San Miguel, on the Pacific coast, and conducted to the city of Mexico. The story can hardly be paralleled in the annals of suffering and peril.

But the Spaniards were not yet satisfied. In the year 1537 a new expedition was planned which surpassed all the others in the brilliancy of its beginning and the disasters of its end. The most cavalier of the cavaliers was Ferdinand de Soto, of Xeres. Besides the distinction of a noble birth, he had been the lieutenant and bosom friend of Pizarro, and had now returned from Peru loaded

with wealth. So great was his popularity in Spain that he had only to demand what he would have of the emperor that his request might be granted. At his own dictation he was accordingly appointed governor of Cuba and Florida, with the privilege of exploring and conquering the latter country at his pleasure. A great company of young Spaniards, nearly all of them wealthy and high-born, flocked to his standard. Of these he selected six hundred of the most gallant and daring. They were clad in costly suits of armor of the knightly pattern, with airy scarfs and silken embroidery and all the trappings of chivalry. Elaborate preparations were made for the grand conquest; arms and stores were provided; shackles were wrought for the slaves; tools for the forge and workshop were abundantly supplied; bloodhounds were bought and trained for the work of hunting fugitives; cards to keep the young knights excited with gaming; twelve priests to conduct religious ceremonies; and, last of all, a drove of swine to fatten on the maize and mast of the country.

When, after a year of impatience and delay, everything was at last in readiness, the gay Castilian squadron, ten vessels in all, left the harbor of San Lucar to conquer imaginary empires in the New World. The fleet touched at Havana, and the enthusiasm was kindled even to a higher pitch than it had reached in Spain. De Soto left his wife to govern Cuba during his absence; and after a prosperous and exulting voyage of two weeks, the ships cast anchor in Tampa Bay. This was

in the early part of June, 1539. During the months of July, August, and September they marched to the northward, wading through swamps, swimming rivers, and fighting the Indians. In October they arrived at the country of the Apalachians, on the left bank of Flint River, where they determined to spend the winter. For four months they remained in this locality, sending out exploring parties in various directions. One of these companies reached the gulf at Pensacola, and made arrangements that supplies should be sent out from Cuba to that place during the following summer.

In the early spring the Spaniards left their winter quarters and continued their march to the north and east. An Indian guide told them of a powerful and populous empire in that direction; a woman was empress, and the land was full of gold. De Soto pressed on through the swamps and woods. It was April, 1540, when they came upon the Ogechee River. Here they were delayed. The Indian guide went mad; and when the priests had conjured the evil spirit out of him, he repaid their benevolence by losing the whole company in the forest. By the 1st of May they had reached South Carolina, and were within a two days' march of where De Ayllon had lost his ships and men. Thence the wanderers turned westward. They seem to have passed across Northern Georgia from the Chattahouche to the upper tributaries of the Coosa, and thence down that river to the valleys of Lower Alabama. Here, just above the

confluence of the Alabama and the Tombecbee, they came upon the fortified Indian town called Mauville, or Mobile, where a terrible battle was fought with the natives. The town was set on fire, and two thousand five hundred of the Indians were killed or burned to death. Eighteen of De Soto's men were killed and nearly all the survivors wounded. De Soto was wounded with an arrow in his thigh, which, sticking fast, rendered him unable to sit in his saddle. Not having time to extract the arrow, he stood in his stirrups and fought the remainder of the day. The Spaniards lost all their baggage and medicines on this fateful day and, indeed, they never recovered from the effect of the battle of Mobile.

The ships of supply had meanwhile arrived at Pensacola, but De Soto, in the fear that his men would desert him, refused to go to the ships. He turned his army resolutely to the north; but the country was poor, and their condition grew constantly worse and worse. By the middle of December they had reached the country of the Chickasaws, in Northern Mississippi. They crossed the Yazoo; the weather was severe, and the Spaniards were on the point of starvation. They succeeded, however, in finding some fields of ungathered maize, and then came upon a deserted Indian village which promised them shelter for the winter. After remaining here till February, 1541, they were suddenly attacked in the dead of night by the Indians, who, at a preconcerted signal, set the town on fire, determined then and there

to make an end of the desolating foreigners; but the Spanish weapons and discipline again saved De Soto and his men from destruction.

After gathering provisions and reclothing themselves as well as possible, the Spaniards set out again in early spring to journey still farther westward. The guides now brought them to the Mississippi. The point where the majestic Father of Waters was first seen by white men was at the lower Chickasaw Bluff, a little north of the thirty-fourth parallel of latitude; the day of the discovery cannot certainly be known. The Indians came down the river in a fleet of canoes, and offered to carry the Spaniards over; but the horses could not be transported until barges were built for that purpose. The crossing was not effected until the latter part of May.

De Soto's men now found themselves in the land of the Dakotas. Journeying to the northwest, they passed through a country where wild fruits were plentiful and subsistence easy. The natives were inoffensive and superstitious. At one place they were going to worship the woe-begone cavaliers as the children of the gods, but De Soto was too good a Catholic to permit such idolatry. The Spaniards continued their march until they reached the St. Francis River, which they crossed, and gained the southern limits of Missouri, in the vicinity of New Madrid. Thence westward the march was renewed for about two hundred miles; thence southward to the Hot Springs and the tributaries of the Washita River. On the banks

of this river, at the town of Atiamque, they passed the winter of 1541-42. The Indians were found to be much more civilized than those east of the Mississippi; but their civilization did not protect them in the least from the horrid cruelties which the Spaniards practiced. No consideration of justice, humanity, or mercy moved the stony hearts of these polite and Christian warriors. Indian towns were set on fire for sport; Indian hands were chopped off for a whim; and Indian captives burned alive because, under fear of death, they had told a falsehood.

But De Soto's men were themselves growing desperate in their misfortunes. They turned again toward the sea, and passing down the tributaries of the Washita to the junction of that stream with the Red River, came upon the Mississippi in the neighborhood of Natchez. The spirit of De Soto was at last completely broken. The haughty cavalier bowed his head and became a prey to melancholy. No more dazzling visions of Peru and Mexico flitted before his imagination. A malignant fever seized upon his emaciated frame, and then death. The priests chanted a requiem, and in the middle of the solemn night his sorrowful companions put the dead hero's body into a rustic coffin, and rowing out a distance from shore, sunk it in the Mississippi. Ferdinand de Soto had found a grave under the rolling waters of the great river with which his name will be associated forever.

The ragged, half-starved remnant of the once

proud Spanish army wandered about for some time longer, after the death of their leader. But at length they descended the Mississippi in seven rude boats which they built. On reaching the Gulf of Mexico, they steered to the southwest; and keeping as close to the shore as possible, after fifty-five days of buffetings and perils along the dangerous coast they came—three hundred and eleven famished and heartbroken fugitives—to the settlement at the mouth of the River of Palms; and thus ended the most marvelous expedition in the early history of our country.

The next attempt by the Spaniards to colonize Florida was in the year 1565. The enterprise was intrusted to Pedro Melendez, a Spanish soldier of ferocious disposition and criminal practices. He was under sentence to pay a heavy fine at the very time when he received his commission from the bigoted Philip II. The contract between that monarch and Melendez was to the effect that the latter should within three years explore the coast of Florida, conquer the country, and plant in some favorable district a colony of not less than five hundred persons, of whom one hundred should be married men. Melendez was to receive two hundred and twenty-five square miles of land adjacent to the settlement, and an annual salary of two thousand dollars. Twenty-five hundred persons collected around Melendez to join in the expedition. The fleet left Spain in July, reached Porto Rico early in August, and on the 28th of the same month came in sight of Florida.

It must now be understood that the real object had in view by Melendez was to attack and destroy a colony of French Protestants called Huguenots, who, in the previous year, had made a settlement about thirty-five miles above the mouth of the St. John's River. This was, of course, within the limits of the territory claimed by Spain; and Melendez at once perceived that to extirpate these French heretics in the name of patriotism and religion would be likely to restore his shattered character and bring him into favor again. His former crimes were to be washed out in the blood of the innocents.

It was St. Augustine's day when the dastardly Spaniard came in sight of the shore, but the landing was not effected until the 2d of September. The spacious harbor and the small river which enters it from the south were named in honor of the saint. On the 8th day of the same month, Philip II. was proclaimed monarch of all North America; a solemn mass was said by the priests; and there, in the sight of forest, and sky, and sea, the foundation-stones of the oldest town in the United States were put into their place. This was seventeen years before the founding of Santa Fé by Antonio de Espego, and forty-two years before the settlement at Jamestown.

As soon as the new town was sufficiently advanced to be secure against accident, Melendez turned his attention to the Huguenots. The latter were expecting to be attacked, but had supposed that the Spanish fleet would sail up the St. John's,

and make the onset from that direction. Accordingly, knowing that they must fight or die, all the French vessels except two left their covert in the river and put to sea, intending to anticipate the movements of the Spaniards; but a furious storm arose and dashed to pieces every ship in the fleet. Most of the crews, however, reached the shore just above the mouth of the river. Melendez now collected his forces at St. Augustine, stole through the woods and swamps, and falling unexpectedly on the defenseless colony, utterly destroyed it. Men, women, and children were alike given up to butchery. Two hundred were killed outright. A few escaped into the forest, Laudonnière, the Huguenot leader, among the number, and making their way to the coast, were picked up by the two French ships which had been saved from the storm.

The crews of the wrecked vessels were the next object of Spanish vengeance. Melendez discovered their whereabouts, and deceiving them with treacherous promises of clemency, induced them to surrender. They were ferried across the river in boats; but no sooner were they completely in the power of their enemy than their hands were bound behind them, and they were driven off, tied two and two, toward St. Augustine. As they approached the Spanish fort the signal was given by sounding a trumpet, and the work of slaughter began anew. Seven hundred defenseless victims were added to the previous atrocious massacre. Only a few mechanics and Catholic servants were

left alive. Under these bloody auspices the first permanent European colony was planted in our country. In what way the Huguenots were revenged upon their enemies will be told in another place.

The Spaniards had now explored the entire coast from the Isthmus of Darien to Port Royal in South Carolina. They were acquainted with the country west of the Mississippi as far north as New Mexico and Missouri, and east of that river they had traversed the Gulf States as far as the mountain ranges of Tennessee and North Carolina. With the establishment of their first permanent colony on the coast of Florida the period of Spanish voyage and discovery may be said to end.

Before closing this chapter, a brief account of the only important voyage made by the Portuguese to America will be given: At the time of the first discovery by Columbus, the unambitious John II. was king of Portugal. He paid but little attention to the New World, preferring the security and dullness of his own capital to the splendid allurements of the Atlantic. In 1495 he was succeeded on the throne by his cousin Manuel, a man of very different character. This monarch could hardly forgive his predecessor for having allowed Spain to snatch from the flag of Portugal the glory of Columbus's achievements. In order to secure some of the benefits which yet remained, King Manuel fitted out two vessels, and in the summer of 1501 commissioned Gaspar Cortereal to sail on

a voyage of discovery. The Portuguese vessels reached America in the month of July, and beginning at some point on the shores of Maine, sailed northward, exploring the coast for nearly seven hundred miles. Just below the fiftieth parallel of latitude Cortereal met icebergs, and could go no farther. He satisfied his rapacity by kidnapping fifty Indians, whom, on his return to Portugal, he sold as slaves. A new voyage was then undertaken, with the avowed purpose of capturing another cargo of natives for the slave-mart of Europe; but when a year went by, and no tidings arrived from the fleet, the brother of the Portuguese captain sailed in hope of finding the missing vessels. He also was lost, but in what manner has never been ascertained. The fate of the Cortereals and their slave-ships has remained one of the unsolved mysteries of the sea.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRENCH IN AMERICA

FRANCE was not slow to profit by the discoveries of Columbus. As early as 1504 the fishermen of Normandy and Brittany began to ply their vocation on the banks of Newfoundland. A map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence was drawn by a Frenchman in the year 1506. Two years later some Indians were taken to France; and in 1518 the

attention of Francis I. was turned to the colonization of the New World. Five years afterward a voyage of discovery and exploration was planned, and John Verrazzani, a native of Florence, was commissioned to conduct the expedition. The special object had in view was to discover a northwest passage to Asia.

In January, 1524, Verrazzani left the shores of Europe. His fleet consisted at first of four vessels; but three of them were damaged in a storm, and the voyage was undertaken with a single ship, called the *Dolphin*. For fifty days, through the buffetings of tempestuous weather, the courageous mariner held on his course, and on the 7th day of March discovered the mainland in the latitude of Wilmington. He finally anchored somewhere along the low sandy beach which stretches between the mouth of Cape Fear River and Pamlico Sound. Here he began a traffic with the natives. The Indians of this neighborhood were found to be a gentle and timid sort of creatures, unsuspicious and confiding. A half-drowned sailor who was washed ashore by the surf was treated with great kindness, and as soon as opportunity offered, permitted to return to the ship.

After a few days the voyage was continued toward the north. The whole coast of New Jersey was explored, and the hills marked as containing minerals. The harbor of New York was entered, and its safe and spacious waters were noted with admiration. At Newport, Rhode Island, Verrazzani anchored for fifteen days, and a trade was

again opened with the Indians. Before leaving the place the French sailors repaid the confidence of the natives by kidnapping a child and attempting to steal a defenseless Indian girl.

Sailing from Newport, Verrazzani continued his explorations northward. The long and broken line of the New England coast was traced with considerable care. The Indians of the north were wary and suspicious. They would buy neither ornaments nor toys, but were eager to purchase knives and weapons of iron. Passing to the east of Nova Scotia, the bold navigator reached Newfoundland in the latter part of May. In July he returned to France and published an account, still extant, of his great discoveries. The name of New France was now given to the whole country whose seacoast had been traced by the adventurous crew of the *Dolphin*.

Such was the distracted condition of France at this time, that another expedition was not planned for a period of ten years. In 1534, however, James Cartier, a seaman of St. Malo, in Brittany, made a new voyage to America. Two ships were fitted out for the enterprise, and after no more than twenty days of sailing under cloudless skies anchored on the 10th day of May off the coast of Newfoundland. Before the middle of July, Cartier had circumnavigated the island to the northward, crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the south of Anticosti, and entered the Bay of Chaleurs. Not finding, as he had hoped, a passage out of this bay westward, he changed his

course to the north again, and ascended the coast as far as Gaspé Bay. Here, upon a point of land, he set up a cross bearing a shield with the lily of France, and proclaimed the French king monarch of the country. Pressing his way still farther northward, and then westward, he entered the St. Lawrence, and ascended the broad estuary until the narrowing banks made him aware that he was in the mouth of a river. Cartier, thinking it impracticable to pass the winter in the New World, now turned his prows toward France, and in thirty days anchored his ships in the harbor of St. Malo.

So great was the fame of Cartier's first voyage that another was planned immediately. Three good ships were provided, and quite a number of young noblemen joined the expedition. Colonization rather than discovery was now the inspiring motive. The sails were set by zealous and excited crews, and on the 19th of May the new voyage was begun. This time there was stormy weather, yet the passage to Newfoundland was made by the 10th of August. It was the day of St. Lawrence, and the name of that martyr was accordingly given to the gulf, and afterward to the noble stream which enters it from the west. Sailing northward around Anticosti, the expedition proceeded up the river to the island of Orleans, where the ships were moored in a place of safety. Two Indians whom Cartier had taken with him to France in the previous year now gave information that higher up the river there was an important town on the island of Hochelaga. Pro-

ceeding thither in his boats, the French captain found it as the Indians had said. A beautiful village lay there at the foot of a high hill in the middle of the island. Climbing to the top of the hill, Cartier, as suggested by the scene around him, named the island and town Mont-Real. The country was declared to belong by right of discovery to the king of France; and then the boats dropped down the river to the ships. During this winter twenty-five of Cartier's men were swept off by the scurvy, a malady hitherto unknown in Europe.

With the opening of spring, preparations were made to return to France. The terrible winter had proved too much for French enthusiasm. The emblem of Catholicism, bearing the arms of France, was again planted in the soil of the New World, and the homeward voyage began; but before the ships had left their anchorage, the kindly king of the Hurons, who had treated Cartier with so much generosity, was decoyed on board and carried off to die. On the 6th day of July the fleet reached St. Malo in safety; but by the accounts which Cartier published on his return the French were greatly discouraged. Neither silver nor gold had been found on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and what was a new world good for that had not silver and gold?

Francis of La Roque, lord of Roberval, in Picardy, was the next to undertake the colonization of the countries discovered by the French. This nobleman, four years after Cartier's return

from his second voyage, was commissioned by the court of France to plant a colony on the St. Lawrence. The man, however, who was chiefly relied on to give character and direction to the proposed colony was no other than James Cartier. He only seemed competent to conduct the enterprise with any promise of success. His name was accordingly added to the list, and he was honored with the office of chief pilot and captain-general of the expedition.

The next thing to be done was to find material for the colony. This was a difficult task. The French peasants and mechanics were not eager to embark for a country which promised nothing better than savages and snow. Cartier's honest narrative about the resources of New France had left no room for further dreaming. So the work of enlisting volunteers went on slowly, until the government adopted the plan of opening the prisons of the kingdom and giving freedom to whoever would join the expedition. There was a rush of robbers, swindlers and murderers, and the lists were immediately filled. Only counterfeiters and traitors were denied the privilege of gaining their liberty in the New World.

In the latter part of May, 1541, five ships, under the immediate command of Cartier, left France, and soon reached the St. Lawrence. The expedition proceeded up the river to the present site of Quebec, where a fort was erected and named Charlesbourg. Here the colonists passed the winter. Cartier, offended because of the subordinate

position which he held, was sullen and gloomy, and made no effort to prosecute discoveries which could benefit no one but the ambitious Roberval. The two leaders never acted in concert; and when La Roque, in June of the following year, arrived with immigrants and supplies, Cartier secretly sailed away with his part of the squadron, and returned to Europe. Roberval was left in New France with three shiploads of criminals who could only be restrained by whipping and hanging. During the autumn some feeble efforts were made to discover a northern passage; the winter was long and severe, and spring was welcomed by the colonists chiefly for the opportunity which it gave them of returning to France. The enterprise undertaken with so much pomp had resulted in nothing. In the year 1549 Roberval, with a large company of emigrants, sailed on a second voyage, but the fleet was never heard of afterward.

A period of fifty years now elapsed before the French authorities again attempted to colonize America. Meanwhile, private enterprise and religious persecution had co-operated in an effort to accomplish in Florida and Carolina what the government had failed to accomplish on the St. Lawrence. About the middle of the sixteenth century Coligni, the Protestant admiral of France, formed the design of establishing in America a refuge for the persecuted Huguenots of his own country. In 1562 this liberal and influential minister obtained from the sovereign, Charles IX., the coveted privilege of planting a colony of

Protestants in the New World. John Ribault, of Dieppe, a brave and experienced sailor, was selected to lead the Huguenots to the land of promise. Sailing in February, the company reached the coast of Florida at a point where three years later St. Augustine was founded. The River St. John's, called by the Spaniards the St. Matthew, was entered by the French and named the River of May. The vessels then continued northward along the coast until they came to the entrance of Port Royal; here it was determined to make the settlement. The colonists were landed on an island, and a stone engraved with the arms of their native land was set up to mark the place. A fort was erected, and in honor of Charles IX. named Carolina—a name which a century afterward was retained by the English and applied to the whole country from the Savannah River to the southern boundary of Virginia. In this fort Ribault left twenty-six men to keep possession, and then sailed back to France for additional emigrants and stores. But civil war was now raging in the kingdom, and it was quite impossible to procure either supplies or colonists. No re-enforcements were sent to Carolina, and in the following spring the men in the fort, discouraged with long waiting, grew mutinous, and killed their leader for attempting to control them. Then they constructed a rude brig and put to sea. After they had been driven about by the winds for a long time, they were picked up half-starved by an English ship and carried to the coast of France.

Coligni did not yet despair of success in what he had undertaken. Two years after the first attempt another colony was planned, and Laudonnière chosen leader. The character, however, of this second Protestant company was very bad. Many of them were abandoned men, of little industry and no prudence. The harbor of Port Royal was now shunned by the Huguenots, and a point on the River St. John's about fifteen miles west of where St. Augustine now stands was selected for the settlement. A fort was built here, and things were going well until a part of the colonists, under the pretext of escaping from famine, contrived to get away with two of the ships. Instead of returning to France, as they had promised, they began to practice piracy in the adjacent seas, until they were caught, brought back, and justly hanged. The rest of the settlers, improvident and dissatisfied, were on the eve of breaking up the colony, when Ribault arrived with supplies of every sort, and restored order and content. It was at this time that the Spaniard Melendez, as already narrated, discovered the whereabouts of the Huguenots, and murdered the entire company.

It remained for Dominic de Gourges, a soldier of Gascony, to visit the Spaniards of St. Augustine with signal vengeance. This man fitted out three ships, mostly with his own means, and with only fifty daring seamen on board arrived in midwinter on the coast of Florida. With this handful of soldiers he surprised successively three Spanish forts on the St. John's, and made prisoners of the

inmates. Then, when he was unable to hold his position any longer, he hanged his leading captives to the branches of the trees, and put up this inscription to explain what he had done: "Not as Spaniards, but as murderers."

But the time had now come when a colony of Frenchmen should actually be established in America. In the year 1603 the sovereignty of the country from the latitude of Philadelphia to one degree north of Montreal was granted to De Monts. The items of chief importance in the patent which he received from the king were a monopoly of the fur-trade of the new country and religious freedom for Huguenot immigrants. De Monts, with two shiploads of colonists, left France early in March of 1604, and after a pleasant voyage reached the Bay of Fundy. The summer was spent in making explorations and in trafficking with the natives. De Monts seems to have been uncertain as to where he should plant his colony; but while in this frame of mind, Poutrincourt, the captain of one of the ships, being greatly pleased with a harbor which he had discovered on the northwest coast of Nova Scotia, asked and obtained a grant of the same, together with some beautiful lands adjacent, and he and a part of the crew went on shore. De Monts, with the rest of the colony, crossed to the west side of the bay, and began to build a fort on an island at the mouth of the St. Croix River. But in the following spring they abandoned this place, and returned to the harbor which had been granted to Poutrin-

court. Here, on the 14th day of November, 1605, the foundations of the first permanent French settlement in America were laid. The name of Port Royal was given to the harbor and the fort, and the whole country, including Nova Scotia, the surrounding islands, and the mainland as far south as the St. Croix River, was called Acadia.

Two years before the settlement was made at Port Royal, Samuel Champlain, one of the most eminent and soldierly men of his times, was commissioned by a company of Rouen merchants to explore the country of the St. Lawrence and establish a trading-post. The traders saw that a traffic in the furs which those regions so abundantly supplied was a surer road to riches than rambling about in search of gold and diamonds. Under this commission, Champlain crossed the ocean, entered the gulf, sailed up the river, and with remarkable prudence and good judgment selected the spot on which Quebec now stands as the site for a fort. In the autumn of 1603 he returned to France, and published an interesting and faithful account of his expedition.

In the year 1608, Champlain again visited America, and on the 3d of July in that year the foundations of Quebec were laid. In the following year he and two other Frenchmen joined a company of Huron and Algonquin Indians who were at war with the Iroquois of New York. While marching with this party of warriors, he ascended the Sorel River until he came to the long, narrow lake which he was the first white man

to look upon, and which has ever since borne the name of its discoverer.

Champlain was a religious enthusiast, and on that account the development of his colony was for some time hindered. In 1612 the Protestant party came into power in France, and the great Condé, the protector of the Protestants, became viceroy of the French empire in America. Now, for the third time, Champlain came to New France, and the success of the colony at Quebec was fully assured. Franciscan monks came over and began to preach among the Indians. These friars and the Protestants quarreled a good deal, and the settlement was much disturbed. A second time Champlain went with a war party against the Iroquois. His company was defeated, he himself wounded and obliged to remain all winter among the Hurons; but in the summer of 1617 he returned to the colony, in 1620 began to build, and four years afterward completed, the strong fortress of St. Louis. When the heavy bastions of this castle appeared on the high cliff above the town and river, the permanence of the French settlements in the valley of the St. Lawrence was no longer doubtful. To Samuel Champlain, more than to any other man—more than to the French government itself—the success of the North American colonies of France must be attributed.

CHAPTER V

ENGLISH DISCOVERIES AND SETTLEMENTS

No day in the early history of the New World was more important than the 5th of May, 1496. On that day Henry VII., king of England, signed the commission of John Cabot of Venice to make discoveries and explorations in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, to carry the English flag, and to take possession of all islands and continents which he might discover. Cabot was a brave, adventurous man who had been a sailor from his boyhood, and was now a wealthy merchant of Bristol. The autumn and winter were spent in preparations for the voyage. In May, 1497, with a single ship, the *Matthew,* and a crew of eighteen men, Cabot launched out upon the deep. In June he reached the coast of North America, at which point is uncertain, though the evidence seems to point to the coast of Labrador. This was the real discovery of the American continent. Fourteen months elapsed before Columbus reached the coast of Guiana, and more than two years before Ojeda and Vespucci came in sight of the mainland of South America.

Cabot explored the shore-line of the country which he had discovered. He supposed that the land was a part of the dominions of Khan Grand; but finding no inhabitants, he went on shore, according to the terms of his commission, planted

the flag of England, and took possession in the name of the English king. No man forgets his native land; by the side of the flag of his adopted country Cabot set up the banner of the *republic* of Venice—auspicious emblem of another flag which should one day float from sea to sea.

As soon as he had satisfied himself of the character of the country which he had discovered, Cabot sailed for England. On the homeward voyage he twice saw on the right hand the coast of Newfoundland, but did not stop for further discovery. After an absence of but little more than three months, he reached Bristol, and was greeted with great enthusiasm. The town had a holiday, the people were wild about the discoveries of their favorite admiral, and the whole kingdom took up the note of rejoicing. The Crown gave him money and encouragement, new crews were enlisted, new ships fitted out, and a new commission more liberal in its provisions than the first was signed in February of 1498. Strange as it may seem, after the date of this second patent the very name of John Cabot disappears from the annals of the times. It is believed by some that he died on his second voyage.

But Sebastian, second son of John Cabot, who had been with his father on the first voyage, inherited the plans and reputation of his father. It seems probable that Sebastian went on this second voyage and took control of it after the death of the elder Cabot. The belief for hundreds of years that Sebastian Cabot deserved more credit

than his father must be given up. Nor is there adequate evidence that he made any extensive explorations along the American coast.

It is a well-authenticated fact, however, that Sebastian Cabot was a famous voyager and that his great maritime service was not under the English flag, but the flag of Spain. Seeing that Sebastian was a young man of great promise, the king of Spain induced him to leave the British service and enter his own. He did so and served the Spanish king for thirty-six years, after which he spent the remainder of his days in England.

The year 1498 is a memorable one in the history of discovery. In the month of May, Vasco da Gama of Portugal doubled the Cape of Good Hope and succeeded in reaching Hindostan. During the summer the Cabots made their second voyage to North America. In August, Columbus himself, now sailing on his third voyage, reached the mouth of the Orinoco. Of the three great discoveries, Cabot's proved to be the most important.

But several causes impeded the career of English discovery during the greater part of the sixteenth century. The next year after the New World was found, the pope, Alexander the Sixth, drew an imaginary line north and south three hundred miles west of the Azores, and issued a papal bull giving all islands and countries west of that line to Spain. Henry VII. of England was himself a Catholic, and he did not care to begin a conflict with his Church by pressing his own claims to the newly found regions of the west. His son

and successor, Henry VIII., at first adopted the same policy, and it was not until after the Reformation had been accomplished in England that the decision of the pope came to be disregarded, and finally despised and laughed at.

During the short reign of Edward VI. the spirit of maritime adventure was again aroused. In 1548 the king's council voted a hundred pounds sterling to induce the now aged Sebastian Cabot to return from Spain and become grand-pilot of England. The old admiral quitted Seville and once more sailed under the English flag. In the reign of Queen Mary the power of England on the sea was not materially extended, but with the accession of Elizabeth a wonderful impulse was given to all enterprises which promised the aggrandizement of her kingdom.

The spirit of discovery now reappeared in that bold and skillful sailor, Martin Frobisher. Himself poor, Dudley, earl of Warwick, came to his aid, and fitted out three small vessels to sail in search of a northwest passage to Asia. Three-quarters of a century had not sufficed to destroy the fanatical notion of reaching the Indies by sailing around America to the north. One of Frobisher's ships was lost on the voyage, another, terrified at the prospect, returned to England, but in the third the dauntless captain proceeded to the north and west until he attained a higher latitude than had ever before been reached on the American coast. Above the sixtieth parallel he discovered the group of islands which lies in the mouth

of Hudson's Strait. Still farther to the north he came upon a large island which he supposed to be the mainland of Asia; to this he gave the name of Meta Incognita. North of this island he entered the strait which has ever since borne the name of its discoverer, then sailed for England, carrying home with him one of the Esquimaux and a stone which was declared by the English refiners to contain gold.

London was greatly excited. Queen Elizabeth herself added a vessel to the new fleet which in the month of May, 1577, departed for Meta Incognita to gather the precious metal by the shipload. Coming among the icebergs, the ships were for weeks together in constant danger of being crushed to atoms between the floating mountains. The summer was unfavorable. No ships reached as high a point as Frobisher had attained by himself on the previous voyage. The mariners were in consternation at the gloomy perils around them, and availed themselves of the first opportunity to get out of these dangerous seas and return to England.

Were the English gold-hunters satisfied? Not at all. Fifteen new vessels were immediately fitted out, the queen again bearing part of the expense, and as soon as the spring of 1578 opened the third voyage was begun. This time a colony was to be planted in the gold-regions of the north. Three of the ships, loaded with emigrants, were to remain in the promised land. The other twelve were to be freighted with gold-ore and return

to London. When they reached the entrance to Hudson's Strait, they encountered icebergs more terrible than ever. Through a thousand perils the vessels finally reached Meta Incognita and took on cargoes of dirt. The provision-ship now slipped away from the fleet and returned to England. Affairs grew desperate. The northwest passage was forgotten. The colony which was to be planted was no longer thought of. Faith in the shining earth which they had stored in the holds gave way, and so, with disappointed crews on board and several tons of the spurious ore under the hatches, the ships set sail for home. The El Dorado of the Esquimaux had proved an utter failure.

The English admiral, Sir Francis Drake, sought fortune in a different manner. Without much regard for the law of nations, he began, in the year 1572, to prey upon the merchant-ships of Spain, and gained thereby enormous wealth. Five years later he sailed around to the Pacific coast by the route which Magellan had discovered, and became a terror to the Spanish vessels in those waters. When he had thus sufficiently enriched himself, he formed the daring project of tracing up the western coast of North America until he should enter the northwest passage from the Pacific, and thence sail eastward around the continent. With this object in view, he sailed northward along the coast as far as Oregon, when his sailors, who had been for several years within the tropics, began to shiver with the cold, and the enterprise, which

could have resulted in nothing but disaster, was given up. Returning to the south, Drake passed the winter of 1579-80 in a harbor on the coast of Mexico. To all that portion of the western shores of America which he had thus explored he gave the name of New Albion; but the earlier discovery of the same coast by the Spaniards rendered the English claim of but little value. No colony of Englishmen had yet been established in the New World.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was perhaps the first to conceive a rational plan of colonization in America. His idea was to form somewhere on the shores of the New Continent an agricultural and commercial state. With this purpose he sought aid from the queen, and received a liberal patent authorizing him to take possession of any six hundred square miles of unoccupied territory in America, and to plant thereon a colony of which he himself should be proprietor and governor. With this commission, Gilbert, assisted by his illustrious stepbrother, Walter Raleigh, prepared a fleet of five vessels, and in June of 1583 sailed for the west. Early in August, Gilbert reached Newfoundland, and going ashore, took formal possession of the country in the name of his queen. Unfortunately, some of the sailors discovered in the side of a hill scales of mica, and a judge of metals, whom Gilbert had been foolish enough to bring with him, declared that the glittering mineral was silver ore. The crews became insubordinate. Some went to digging the supposed silver

and carrying it on board the vessels, while others gratified their piratical propensities by attacking the Spanish and Portuguese ships that were fishing in the neighboring harbors.

Meanwhile, one of Gilbert's vessels became worthless, and had to be abandoned. With the other three he left Newfoundland, and steered toward the south. When off the coast of Massachusetts, the largest of the remaining ships was wrecked, and a hundred men, with all the spurious silver ore, went to the bottom. The disaster was so great that Gilbert determined to return at once to England. The weather was stormy, and the two ships that were now left were utterly unfit for the sea; but the voyage was begun in hope. The brave captain remained in the weaker vessel, a little frigate called the *Squirrel,* already shattered and ready to sink. At midnight, as the ships, within hailing distance of each other, were struggling through a raging sea, the *Squirrel* was suddenly engulfed; not a man of the courageous crew was saved. The other ship finally reached Falmouth in safety.

But the project of colonization was immediately renewed by Raleigh. In the following spring that remarkable man obtained from the queen a new patent fully as liberal as the one granted to Gilbert. Raleigh was to become lord-proprietor of an extensive tract of country in America extending from the thirty-third to the fortieth parallel of north latitude. The frozen regions of the north were now to be avoided, and the sunny country of

the Huguenots was to be chosen as the seat of the rising empire. Two ships were fitted out, and the command given to Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow.

In the month of July the vessels reached the coast of Carolina. The sea that laved the long, low beach was smooth and glassy. The woods were full of beauty and song. The natives were generous and hospitable. Explorations were made along the shores of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and a landing finally effected on Roanoke Island, where the English were entertained by the Indian queen. But neither Amidas nor Barlow had the courage or genius necessary to such an enterprise. After a stay of less than two months they returned to England to exhaust the rhetoric of description in praising the beauties of the new land. In allusion to her own life and reign, Elizabeth gave to her delightful country in the New World the name of Virginia.

Sir Walter Raleigh

In December of 1584, Sir Walter brought forward a bill in Parliament by which his previous patent was confirmed and enlarged. The mind of the whole nation was inflamed at the prospects

which Raleigh's province now offered to emigrants and adventurers. The proprietor fitted out a second expedition, and appointed the soldierly Ralph Lane governor of the colony. Sir Richard Grenville commanded the fleet, and a company, not unmixed with the gallant young nobility of the kingdom, made up the crew. Sailing from Plymouth, the fleet of seven vessels reached the American coast on the 20th of June. At Cape Fear they were in imminent danger of being wrecked; but having escaped the peril, they six days afterward reached Roanoke in safety. Here Lane was left with a hundred and ten of the emigrants to form a settlement. Grenville returned to England, taking with him a Spanish treasure-ship which he had captured.

Meanwhile, some Indians of a village adjacent to Roanoke had committed a petty theft, and the English wantonly burned the whole town as a measure of revenge. Jealousy and suspicion took the place of former friendships. Lane and some of his companions were enticed with false stories to go on a gold-hunting expedition into the interior; their destruction was planned, and only avoided by a hasty retreat to Roanoke. Wingina, the Indian king, and several of his chiefs, were now in turn allured into the power of the English and inhumanly murdered. Hatred and gloom followed this atrocity, then despondency and a sense of danger, until the discouragement became so great that when Sir Francis Drake, returning with a fleet from his exploits on the Pacific coast, came

in sight, the colonists prevailed on him to carry them back to England.

It was a needless and hasty abandonment, for within a few days a shipload of stores arrived from the prudent Raleigh; but finding no colony, the vessel could do nothing but return. Two weeks later Sir Richard Grenville himself came back to Roanoke with three well-laden ships, and made a fruitless search for the colonists. Not to lose possession of the country altogether, he left fifteen men upon the island, and set sail for home.

The English people had before them truthful descriptions of the beauty and magnificence of the new country, and another colony, consisting largely of families, was easily made up. A charter of municipal government was granted by the proprietor, John White was chosen governor, and every precaution taken to secure the permanent success of the City of Raleigh, soon to be founded in the west. In July the emigrants arrived in Carolina. Avoiding the dangerous capes of Hatteras and Fear, they came safely to Roanoke; but a search for the fifteen men who had been left there a year before only revealed the fact that the natives, now grown savage, had murdered them. Nevertheless, the northern extremity of the ill-omened island was chosen as the site for the city, and on the 23d of the month the foundations were laid.

But disaster attended the enterprise. Jealousy between the settlers and the Indians grew into hostility, and hostility into war. Then a peace was

concluded, and Sir Walter gave countenance to an absurd performance by which Manteo, one of the Indian chiefs, was made a peer of England, with the title of Lord of Roanoke. It was a silly and stupid piece of business. Notwithstanding the presence of this copper-colored nobleman, the colonists were apprehensive and gloomy. They pretended to fear starvation, and in the latter part of August almost compelled Governor White to return to England for an additional cargo of supplies. It was a great mistake. If White had remained, and the settlers had given themselves to tilling the soil and building houses, no further help would have been needed. The 18th of August was marked as the birthday of Virginia Dare, the first-born of English children in the New World. When White set sail for England, he left behind him a colony of a hundred and eight persons. What their fate was has never been ascertained.

The Invincible Armada was now bearing down upon the coasts of England. All the resources and energies of the kingdom were demanded for defense; and although Raleigh managed to send out two supply-ships to succor his starving colony, his efforts to reach them were unavailing. The vessels which he sent with stores went cruising after Spanish merchantmen, and were themselves run down and captured by a man-of-war. Not until the spring of 1590 did the governor finally return to search for the unfortunate colonists. The island was a desert, tenantless and silent. No soul remained to tell the story of the lost.

In the meantime, Sir Walter, after spending two hundred thousand dollars of his own means in the attempt to found and foster a colony, had given up the enterprise. He assigned his exclusive proprietary rights to an association of London merchants, and it was under their auspices that White had made the final search for the settlers of Roanoke. From the date of this event very little in the way of voyage and discovery was accomplished by the English until the year 1602, when maritime enterprise again brought the flag of England to the shores of America. Bartholomew Gosnold was the man to whom belongs the honor of making the next explorations of our coast.

Gosnold abandoned the usual route across the Atlantic (by way of the Canaries and the West Indies) and sailed directly across, reaching the coast of Maine in about seven weeks. In his single vessel, the *Concord,* he brought with him a company of emigrants, with the view of planting a colony. After cruising along the coast for some distance they made a landing at Cape Cod—the first landing of Englishmen on the New England coast. Later they chose an island in Buzzard's Bay for their colony. But the colony was short-lived. Gosnold filled his vessel with sassafras root, prized for its fragrance and supposed medicinal qualities, and prepared to return. The settlers begged that he take them back to England. He did so, and thus ended the first attempt to found a settlement in New England.

Gosnold and his companions gave glowing ac-

counts of the country which they had visited, and it was not long until another English expedition to America was planned. Two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Discoverer,* composed the fleet, with Martin Pring for commander. A cargo of merchandise suited to the tastes of the Indians was put into the holds; and in April of 1603, a few days after the death of Queen Elizabeth, the vessels sailed for America. They came safely to Penobscot Bay, and afterward spent some time in exploring the harbors and shores of Maine. Then, turning to the south and coasting Massachusetts, Pring reached the sassafras region, and loaded his vessels at Martha's Vineyard. Thence he returned to England, reaching Bristol in October, after an absence of six months.

Two years later, George Waymouth, under the patronage of the earl of Southampton, made a voyage to America, and passing Cape Cod on the left, came to anchorage among the islands of St. George, on the coast of Maine. He explored the harbor, and sailed up the river for a considerable distance, taking note of the fine forests of fir and of the beautiful scenery along the banks. A profitable trade was opened with the Indians, some of whom learned to speak English and returned with Waymouth to England. This was the last of the voyages made by the English preparatory to the actual establishment of a colony in America. The time had at last arrived when, in the beautiful country of the Chesapeake, a permanent settlement should be effected.

CHAPTER VI

ENGLISH DISCOVERIES AND SETTLEMENTS.—CONTINUED

THE 10th of April, 1606, was full of fate in the destinies of the western continent. On that day King James I. issued a great patent directed to men of his kingdom, authorizing them to possess and colonize all that portion of North America lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels of latitude. This patent, known as the First Charter of Virginia, was granted to a great company which was subdivided into the London and Plymouth companies. To the former was assigned all the region between the thirty-fourth and the thirty-eighth degrees of latitude, and to the latter the tract extending from the forty-first to the forty-fifth degree. The belt of three degrees lying between the thirty-eighth and forty-first parallels was to be equally open to the colonies of either company, but no settlement of one party was to be made within less than one hundred miles of the nearest settlement of the other. Only the London Company was successful under its charter in planting an American colony. The Plymouth Company sent out an exploring vessel in August, 1606, but it was captured by a Spanish man-of-war. Another ship was sent in the autumn and it spent the winter on the New England coast. The following year a colony of a hundred persons

were sent to the mouth of the Kennebec; but Fortune smiled not upon it and it soon was broken up and abandoned.

The man who was chiefly instrumental in organizing the London Company was Bartholomew Gosnold. His leading associates were Edward Wingfield, a rich merchant; Robert Hunt, a clergyman, and John Smith, a man of genius. Others who aided the enterprise were Sir John Popham, chief-justice of England; Richard Hakluyt, a historian, and Sir Ferdinand Gorges, a distinguished nobleman. By the terms of the charter, the affairs of the company were to be administered by a Superior Council, residing in England, and an Inferior Council, residing in the colony. The members of the former body were to be chosen by the king, and to hold office at his pleasure; the members of the lower council were also selected by the royal direction, and were subject to removal by the same power. All legislative authority was likewise vested in the monarch. In the first organization of the companies not a single principle of self-government was admitted. The most foolish clause in the patent was that which required the proposed colony or colonies to hold all property in common for a period of five years. The wisest provision in the instrument was that which allowed the emigrants to retain in the New World all the rights and privileges of Englishmen.

The London Company had better fortune. A fleet of three vessels was fitted out, and the com-

mand given to Christopher Newport. On the 9th of December the ships, having on board a hundred and five colonists, among whom were Wingfield and Smith, left England. Newport, to begin with, committed the astonishing folly of taking the old route by way of the Canaries and the West Indies, and did not reach the American coast until April. It was the design that a landing should be made in the neighborhood of Roanoke Island, but a storm prevailed and carried the ships northward into the Chesapeake. Entering the magnificent bay and coasting along the southern shore, the vessels came to the mouth of a broad and beautiful river, which was named in honor of King James. Proceeding up this stream about fifty miles, Newport noticed on the northern bank a peninsula more attractive than the rest for its verdure and beauty; the ships were moored, and the emigrants went on shore. Here, on the 13th day of May (Old Style), in the year 1607, were laid the foundations of Jamestown, the oldest English settlement in America. It was within a month of a hundred and ten years after the discovery of the continent by the elder Cabot, and nearly forty-two years after the founding of St. Augustine. So long a time had been required to plant the first feeble germ of English civilization in the New World.

After the unsuccessful attempt to form a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec, very little was done by the Plymouth Company for several years; yet the purpose of planting colonies was not relin-

quished. Meanwhile, a new impetus was given to the affairs of North Virginia by the ceaseless activity and exhaustless energies of John Smith. Wounded by an accident, and discouraged, as far as it was possible for such a man to be discouraged, by the distractions and turbulence of the Jamestown colony, Smith left that settlement in 1609, and returned to England. On recovering his health he formed a partnership with four wealthy merchants of London, with a view to the fur-trade and probable establishment of colonies within the limits of the Plymouth grant. Two ships were accordingly freighted with goods and put under Smith's command. The summer of 1614 was spent on the coast of lower Maine, where a profitable traffic was carried on with the Indians. The crews of the vessels were well satisfied through the long days of July with the pleasures and profits of the teeming fisheries, but Smith himself found nobler work. Beginning as far north as practicable, he patiently explored the country, and drew a map of the whole coast-line from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod. In this map, which is still extant, and a marvel of accuracy considering the circumstances under which it was made, the country was called New England. In the month of November the ships returned to Plymouth, taking with them many substantial proofs of a successful voyage.

The London Company was jealous of its rival, and put obstacles in the way of every enterprise.

The whole of the years 1617-18 was spent by the Plymouth Company in making and unmaking plans of colonization, until finally it was formally superseded by a new corporation called the Council of Plymouth, consisting of forty of the most wealthy and influential men of the kingdom. On this body were conferred, by the terms of the new charter, almost unlimited powers and privileges. All that part of America lying between the fortieth and the forty-eighth parallels of north latitude, and extending from ocean to ocean, was given to the council in fee simple. More than a million of square miles were embraced in the grant, and absolute jurisdiction over this immense tract was committed to forty men. How King James was ever induced to sign such a charter has remained an unsolved mystery.

A plan of colonizing was now projected on a grand scale. John Smith was appointed admiral of New England for life. The king, notwithstanding the opposition of the House of Commons, issued a proclamation enforcing the provisions of the charter, and everything gave promise of the early settlement of America. Such were the schemes of men to possess and people the Western Continent. Meanwhile, a Power higher than the will of man was working in the same direction. The time had come when, without the knowledge or consent of James I., without the knowledge or consent of the Council of Plymouth, a permanent settlement should be made on the bleak shores of New England.

The Puritans! Name of all names in the early history of the West! About the close of the sixteenth century a number of poor dissenters scattered through the North of England, especially in the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, and York, began to join themselves together for the purposes of free religious worship. Politically, they were patriotic subjects of the English king; religiously, they were rebels against the authority of the English Church. Their rebellion, however, only extended to the declaration that every man has a right to discover and apply the truth as revealed in the Scriptures without the interposition of any power other than his own reason and conscience. Such a doctrine was very repugnant to the Church of England. Queen Elizabeth herself declared such teaching to be subversive of the principles on which her monarchy was founded. King James was not more tolerant; and from time to time violent persecutions broke out against the feeble and dispersed Christians of the north.

Despairing of rest in their own country, the Puritans finally determined to go into exile, and to seek in another land the freedom of worship which their own had denied them. They turned their faces toward Holland, made one unsuccessful attempt to get away, were brought back and thrown into prisons. Again they gathered together on a bleak heath in Lincolnshire, and in the spring of 1608 embarked from the mouth of the Humber. Their ship brought them in safety to

Amsterdam, where, under the care of their heroic pastor, John Robinson, they passed one winter, and then removed to Leyden. Such was the beginning of their wandering. They took the name of Pilgrims, and grew content to have no home or resting-place. Privation and exile could be endured when sweetened with liberty.

But the love of native land is a universal passion. The Puritans in Holland did not forget—could not forget—that they were Englishmen. During their ten years of residence at Leyden they did not cease to long for a return to the country which had cast them out. Though ruled by a heartless monarch and a bigoted priesthood, England was their country still. The unfamiliar language of the Dutch grated harshly on their ears. They pined with unrest, conscious of their ability and willingness to do something which should convince even King James of their patriotism and worth.

It was in this condition of mind that about the year 1617 the Puritans began to meditate a removal to the wilds of the New World. There, with honest purpose and prudent zeal, they would extend the dominions of the English king. They would forget the past, and be at peace with their country. Accordingly, John Carver and Robert Cushman were dispatched to England to ask permission for the church of Leyden to settle in America. The agents of the London Company and the Council of Plymouth gave some encouragement to the request. The most that King

James would do was to make an informal promise to let the Pilgrims alone in America.

The Puritans were not discouraged. With or without permission, protected or not protected by the terms of a charter which might at best be violated, they would seek asylum and rest in the Western wilderness. Out of their own resources, and with the help of a few faithful friends, they provided the scanty means of departure and set their faces toward the sea. The *Speedwell,* a small vessel of sixty tons, was purchased at Amsterdam, and the *Mayflower,* a larger and more substantial ship, was hired for the voyage. The former was to carry the emigrants from Leyden to Southampton, where they were to be joined by the *Mayflower,* with another company from London. Assembling at the harbor of Delft, on the River Meuse, fifteen miles south of Leyden, as many of the Pilgrims as could be accommodated went on board the *Speedwell.* The whole congregation accompanied them to the shore. There Robinson gave them a consoling farewell address, and the blessings and prayers of those who were left behind followed the vessel out of sight.

Both ships came safely to Southampton, and within two weeks the emigrants were ready for the voyage. On the 5th of August, 1620, the vessels left the harbor; but after a few days' sailing the *Speedwell* was found to be shattered, old, and leaky. On this account both ships anchored in the port of Dartmouth, and eight days were spent in making the needed repairs.

Again the sails were set; but scarcely had the land receded from sight before the captain of the *Speedwell* declared his vessel unfit to breast the ocean, and then, to the great grief and discouragement of the emigrants, put back to Plymouth. Here the bad ship was abandoned; but the Pilgrims were encouraged and feasted by the citizens, and the more zealous went on board the *Mayflower,* ready and anxious for a final effort. On the 6th day of September the first colony of New England, numbering one hundred and two souls, saw the shores of Old England grow dim and sink behind the sea.

The voyage was long and perilous. For sixty-three days the ship was buffeted by storms and driven. It had been the intention of the Pilgrims to found their colony in the beautiful country of the Hudson, but the tempest carried them out of their course, and the first land seen was the desolate Cape Cod. On the 9th of November the vessel was anchored in the bay; then a meeting was held on board and the colony organized under a solemn compact. In the charter which they there made for themselves the emigrants declared their loyalty to the English Crown, and covenanted together to live in peace and harmony, with equal rights to all, obedient to just laws made for the common good. Such was the simple but sublime constitution of the oldest New England State. To this instrument all the heads of families, forty-one in number, solemnly set their names. An election was held in which all had an equal voice, and

John Carver was unanimously chosen governor of the colony.

After two days the boat was lowered, but was found to be half-rotten and useless. More than a fortnight of precious time was required to make the needed repairs. Standish, Bradford, and a few other hardy spirits got to shore and explored the country; nothing was found but a heap of Indian corn under the snow. By the 6th of December the boat was ready for service, and the governor, with fifteen companions, went ashore. The weather was dreadful. Alternate rains and snow-storms converted the clothes of the Pilgrims into coats-of-mail. All day they wandered about, and then returned to the seashore. In the morning they were attacked by the Indians, but escaped to the ship with their lives, cheerful and giving thanks. Then the vessel was steered to the south and west for forty-five miles around the coast of what is now the county of Barnstable. At nightfall of Saturday a storm came on; the rudder was wrenched away, and the poor ship driven, half by accident and half by the skill of the pilot, into a safe haven on the west side of the bay. The next day, being the Sabbath, was spent in religious devotions, and on Monday, the 11th of December (Old Style), 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the Rock of Plymouth.

It was now the dead of winter. There was an incessant storm of sleet and snow, and the houseless immigrants, already enfeebled by their sufferings, fell a-dying of hunger, cold, and exposure.

After a few days spent in explorations about the coast, a site was selected near the first landing, some trees were felled, the snowdrifts cleared away, and on the 9th of January the heroic toilers began to build New Plymouth. Every man took on himself the work of making his own house; but the ravages of disease grew daily worse, strong arms fell powerless, lung-fevers and consumptions wasted every family. At one time only seven men were able to work on the sheds which were building for shelter from the storms; and if an early spring had not brought relief, the colony must have perished to a man. Such were the privations and griefs of that terrible winter when New England began to be.

CHAPTER VII

VOYAGES AND SETTLEMENTS OF THE DUTCH

THE first Dutch settlement in America was made on Manhattan Island. The colony resulted from the voyages and explorations of the illustrious Sir Henry Hudson. In the year 1607 this great British seaman was employed by a company of London merchants to sail into the North Atlantic and discover a route eastward or westward to the Indies. He made the voyage in a single ship, passed up the eastern coast of Greenland to a higher point of latitude than ever before attained, turned east-

ward to Spitzbergen, circumnavigated that island, and then was compelled by the icebergs to return to England. In the next year he renewed his efforts, hoping to find between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla an open way to the East. By this course he confidently expected to shorten the route to China by at least eight thousand miles. Again the voyage resulted in failure; his employers gave up the enterprise in despair, but his own spirits only rose to a higher determination. When the cautious merchants would furnish no more means, he quitted England and went to Amsterdam. Holland was at this time the foremost maritime nation of the world, and the eminent navigator did not long go begging for patronage in the busy marts of that country. The Dutch East India Company at once furnished him with a ship, a small yacht called the *Half Moon,* and in April of 1609 he set out on his third voyage to reach the Indies. About the seventy-second parallel of latitude, above the capes of Norway, he turned eastward, but between Lapland and Nova Zembla the ocean was filled with icebergs, and further sailing was impossible. Baffled but not discouraged, he immediately turned his prow toward the shores of America; somewhere between the Chesapeake and the North Pole he would find a passage into the Pacific Ocean.

In the month of July, Hudson reached the coast of Maine. Sailing thence southward, he touched at Cape Cod, and by the middle of August found himself as far south as the Chesapeake. Again

he turned to the north, determined to examine the coast more closely, and on the 28th of the month anchored in Delaware Bay. After one day's explorations the voyage was continued along the coast of New Jersey, until, on the 3d of September, the *Half Moon* came to a safe anchorage in the bay of Sandy Hook. Two days later a landing was effected, the natives flocking in great numbers to the scene, and bringing gifts of corn, wild fruits, and oysters. The time until the 9th of the month was spent in sounding the great harbor; on the next day the vessel passed the Narrows, and then entered the noble river which bears the name of Hudson.

To explore the beautiful stream was now the pleasing task. For eight days the *Half Moon* sailed northward up the river. Such magnificent forests, such beautiful hills, such mountains rising in the distance, such fertile valleys, planted here and there with ripening corn, the Netherlanders had never seen before. On the 19th of September the vessel was moored at what is now the landing of Kinderhook; but an exploring party, still unsatisfied, took to the boats and rowed up the river beyond the site of Albany. After some days they returned to the ship, the moorings were loosed, the vessel dropped down the stream, and on the 4th of October the sails were spread for Holland. On the homeward voyage Hudson, not perhaps without a touch of national pride, put into the harbor of Dartmouth. Thereupon the government of King James, with characteristic il-

liberality, detained the *Half Moon*, and claimed the crew as Englishmen. All that Hudson could do was to forward to his employers of the East India Company an account of his successful voyage and of the delightful country which he had visited under the flag of Holland.

Now were the English merchants ready to spend more money to find the northwest passage. In the summer of 1610, a ship, called the *Discovery,* was given to Hudson; and with a vision of the Indies flitting before his imagination he left England, never to return. He had learned by this time that nowhere between Florida and Maine was there an opening through the continent to the Pacific. The famous pass must now be sought between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the southern point of Greenland. Steering between Cape Farewell and Labrador, in the track which Frobisher had taken, the vessel came, on the 2d day of August, into the mouth of the strait which bears the name of its discoverer. No ship had ever before entered these waters. For a while the way westward was barred with islands; but passing between them, the bay seemed open, the ocean widened to the right and left, and the route to China was at last revealed. So believed the great captain and his crew; but sailing farther to the west, the inhospitable shores narrowed on the more inhospitable sea, and Hudson found himself environed with the terrors of winter in the frozen gulf of the North. With unfaltering courage he bore up until his provisions were almost exhausted; spring

was at hand, and the day of escape had already arrived, when the treacherous crew broke out in mutiny. They seized Hudson and his only son, with seven other faithful sailors, threw them into an open shallop, and cast them off among the icebergs. The fate of the illustrious mariner has never been ascertained.

In the summer of 1610 the *Half Moon* was liberated at Dartmouth, and returned to Amsterdam. In the same year several ships owned by Dutch merchants sailed to the banks of the Hudson River and engaged in the fur-trade. The traffic was very lucrative, and in the two following years other vessels made frequent and profitable voyages. Early in 1614 an act was passed by the States-General of Holland giving to certain merchants of Amsterdam the exclusive right to trade and establish settlements within the limits of the country explored by Hudson. Under this commission a fleet of five small trading-vessels arrived in the summer of the same year at Manhattan Island. Here some rude huts had already been built by former traders, but now a fort for the defense of the place was erected, and the settlement named New Amsterdam. In the course of the autumn Adrian Block, who commanded one of the ships, sailed through East River into Long Island Sound, made explorations along the coast as far as the mouth of the Connecticut, thence to Narragansett Bay, and even to Cape Cod. Almost at the same time, Christianson, another Dutch commander, in the same fleet, sailed up the river

from Manhattan to Castle Island, a short distance below the site of Albany, and erected a block-house, which was named Fort Nassau, for a long time the northern outpost of the settlers on the Hudson. Meanwhile, Cornelius May, the captain of a small vessel called the *Fortune,* sailed from New Amsterdam and explored the Jersey coast as far south as the Bay of Delaware. Upon these two voyages, one north and the other south from Manhattan Island where the actual settlement was made, Holland set up a feeble claim to the country which was now named New Netherlands, extending from Cape Henlopen to Cape Cod—a claim which Great Britain and France treated with derision and contempt. Such were the feeble and inauspicious beginnings of the Dutch colonies in New York and Jersey.

PART III

COLONIAL HISTORY

A.D. 1607-1775

CHAPTER I

VIRGINIA

MANY circumstances impeded the progress of the oldest Virginia colony. The first settlers at Jamestown were idle and improvident. Of the one hundred and five men who came with Newport in the spring of 1607, only twelve were common laborers. There were four carpenters in the company, and six or eight masons and blacksmiths, but the lack of mechanics was compensated by a long list of forty-eight gentlemen. If necessity had not soon driven these to the honorable vocations of toil, the colony must have perished. The few married men who joined the expedition had left their families in England.

From the first the affairs of the colony were badly managed. King James made out instructions for the organization of the new State, and then, with his usual stupidity, sealed up the parchment in a box which was not to be opened until the arrival of the emigrants in America. The names of the governor and members of the council were thus unknown during the voyage; there was no legitimate authority on shipboard; insubordination and anarchy prevailed among the riotous company. In this state of turbulence and misrule, an absurd suspicion was blown out against Captain John Smith, the best and truest man in the colony. An arrest followed, and confinement until the end of the voyage. When at last the colonists reached the site of their future settlement, the king's instructions were unsealed and the names of the seven members of the Inferior Council made known. Then a meeting of that body was held and Edward Wingfield duly elected first governor of Virginia. Smith, who had been set at liberty, was now charged with sedition and excluded from his seat in the council. He demanded to be tried; and when it was found that his jealous enemies could bring nothing but their own suspicions against him, he was acquitted and restored to his place as a member of the corporation.

As soon as the settlement was well begun and the affairs of the colony came into a better condition, the restless Smith, accompanied by Newport and twenty others, ascended and explored

James River for forty-five miles. Just below the falls of the river, at the present site of Richmond, the English explorers came upon the capital of Powhatan, the Indian king. Smith was not greatly impressed with the magnificence of an empire whose chief city was a squalid village of twelve wigwams. The native monarch received the foreigners with formal courtesy and used his authority to moderate the dislike which his subjects manifested at the intrusion. About the last of May the company returned to Jamestown, and on July 2 Newport embarked for England.

The colonists now for the first time began to realize their situation. They were alone amid the solitudes of the New World. The beauties of the Virginia wilderness were around them, but the terrors of the approaching winter were already present to their imagination. In the latter part of August dreadful diseases broke out in the settlement, and the colony was brought to the verge of ruin. The fort which had been built for the defense of the plantation was filled with the sick and dying. At one time no more than five men were able to go on duty as sentinels. Bartholomew Gosnold, the projector of the colony and one of the best men in the council, died, and before the middle of September one-half of the whole number had been swept off by the terrible malady. If the frosts of autumn had not come to check the ravages of disease, no soul would have been left to tell the story.

Civil dissension was added to the other calami-

ties of the settlement. President Wingfield, an unprincipled man, and his confederate, George Kendall, a member of the council, were accused of embezzling the stores of the colony. They were arrested, impeached, and removed from office. Only three councilmen now remained—Ratcliffe, Martin, and Smith; the first was chosen president. He was a man who possessed neither ability nor courage, and the affairs of the settlers grew worse and worse. John Smith became next governor. In their distress and bitterness there had come to pass among the colonists a remarkable unanimity as to Smith's merits and abilities. The new administration entered upon the discharge of its duties without a particle of opposition.

The new president, though not yet thirty years of age, was a veteran in every kind of valuable human experience. Born an Englishman; trained as a soldier in the wars of Holland; a traveler in France, Italy, and Egypt; again a soldier in Hungary; captured by the Turks and sold as a slave; sent from Constantinople to a prison in the Crimea; killing a taskmaster who beat him, and then escaping through the woods of Russia to Western Europe; going with an army of adventurers against Morocco; finally returning to England and joining the London Company,—he was now called upon by the very enemies who had persecuted and ill-treated him to rescue them and their colony from destruction. A strange and wonderful career! John Smith was altogether the most noted man in the early history of America.

Under the new administration the Jamestown settlement soon began to show signs of vitality and progress. Smith's first care, after the settlers were in a measure restored to health, was to improve the buildings of the plantation. The next measure was to secure a supply of provisions from the surrounding country. A plentiful harvest among the Indians had compensated in some degree for the mismanagement of the former officers of the colony, but to procure corn from the natives was not an easy task. Although ignorant of the Indian language, Smith undertook the hazardous enterprise. Descending James River as far as Hampton Roads, he landed with his five companions, went boldly among the natives, and began to offer them hatchets and copper coins in exchange for corn. The Indians only laughed at the proposal, and then mocked the half-starved foreigners by offering to barter a piece of bread for Smith's sword and musket. Finding that good treatment was only thrown away, the English captain formed the desperate resolution of fighting. He and his men fired a volley among the affrighted savages, who ran yelling into the woods. Going straight to their wigwams, he found an abundant store of corn, but forbade his men to take a grain until the Indians should return to attack them. Sixty or seventy painted warriors, headed by a priest, who carried an idol in his arms, soon came out of the forest and made a violent onset. The English made a rush, wounded several of the natives, and captured their idol. A parley now en-

sued; the terrified priest came and humbly begged for his fallen deity, but Smith stood grimly with his musket across the prostrate idol, and would grant no terms until six unarmed Indians had loaded his boat with corn. Then the image was given up, beads and hatchets were liberally distributed among the warriors, who ratified the peace by performing a dance of friendship, while Smith and his men rowed up the river with a boatload of supplies.

There were other causes of rejoicing at Jamestown. The neighboring Indians, made liberal by their own abundance, began to come into the fort with voluntary contributions. The fear of famine passed away. The woods were full of wild turkeys and other game, inviting to the chase as many as delighted in such excitement. Good discipline was maintained in the settlement and friendly relations established with several of the native tribes. Seeing the end of their distresses, the colonists revived in spirit; cheerfulness and hope took the place of melancholy and despair.

As soon as the setting in of winter had made an abandonment of the colony impossible, the president, to whose ardor winter and summer were alike, gave himself freely to the work of exploring the country. With a company of six Englishmen and two Indian guides he began the ascent of the Chickahominy River. It was generally believed by the people of Jamestown that by going up this stream they could reach the Pacific Ocean. Smith knew well enough the absurdity of such an opin-

ion, but humored it because of the opportunity which it gave him to explore new territory. After ascending the Chickahominy until they reached shallow water, Smith left his white companions to guard the boat, and, led by his Indian guides, proceeded through the forest on foot. At length he was attacked by a body of Indians and after a desperate fight was driven into a swamp and captured.

Without exhibiting the least signs of fear, Smith demanded to see the Indian chief, and on being taken into the presence of that dignitary began to excite his interest and curiosity by showing him a pocket compass and a watch. These mysterious instruments struck the Indians with awe; and profiting by his momentary advantage, the prisoner began to draw figures on the ground, and to give his captors some rude lessons in geography and astronomy. The savages were amazed and listened for an hour, but then grew tired, bound their captive to a tree and prepared to shoot him. At the critical moment he flourished his compass in the air as though performing a ceremony, and the Indians forbore to shoot. His sagacity and courage had gained the day, but the more appalling danger of torture was yet to be avoided. The savages, however, were thoroughly superstitious, and became afraid to proceed against him except in the most formal manner. He was regarded by them as an inhabitant of another world whom it was dangerous to touch.

Smith was first taken to the town of Orapax,

a few miles northeast of the site of Richmond. Here he found the Indians making great preparations to attack and destroy Jamestown. They invited him to join them and become their leader, but he refused, and then terrified them by describing the cannon and other destructive weapons of the English. He also managed to write a letter to his countrymen at the settlement, telling them of his captivity and their own peril, asking for certain articles, and requesting especially that those bearing the note should be thoroughly frightened before their return. This letter, which seemed to them to have such mysterious power of carrying intelligence to a distance, was not lost on the Indians, who dreaded the writer more than ever. When the warriors bearing the epistle arrived at Jamestown and found everything precisely as Smith had said, their terror and amazement knew no bounds, and as soon as they returned to Orapax all thought of attacking the settlement was at once given up.

Captain John Smith

The Indians now marched their captive about from village to village, and at length he was condemned to death. It was necessary that the sanction of the Indian emperor should be given to the sentence, and Smith was now taken twenty-five miles down the river to a town where Powhatan

lived in winter. The savage monarch was now sixty years of age, and, to use Smith's own language, looked every inch a king. He received the prisoner with all the rude formalities peculiar to his race. Going to the Long House of the village, the emperor, clad in a robe of raccoon skins, took his seat on a kind of throne prepared for the occasion. His two daughters sat right and left, while files of warriors and women of rank were ranged around the hall. The king solemnly reviewed the cause and confirmed the sentence of death. Two large stones were brought into the hall, Smith was dragged forth bound, and his head put into position to be crushed with a war-club. A stalwart painted savage was ordered out of the rank and stood ready for the bloody tragedy. The signal was given, the grim executioner raised his bludgeon, and another moment had decided the fate of both the illustrious captive and his colony. But the peril went by harmless. Matoaka,* the eldest daughter of Powhatan, sprang from her seat and rushed between the warrior's uplifted club and the prostrate prisoner. She clasped his head in her arms and held on with the resolution of despair until her father, yielding to her frantic appeals, ordered Smith to be unbound and lifted up. Again he was rescued from a terrible death.

Powhatan, having determined to spare his captive's life, received him into favor. It was agreed

* Powhatan's tribe had a superstition that no one whose *real name was unknown* could be injured. They therefore told the English falsely that Matoaka's name was Pocahontas.

soon afterward that he should return to his own people at Jamestown. The conditions of his liberation were that he should send back to Orapax two cannons and a grindstone. Certain warriors were to accompany Smith to the settlement and carry the articles to Powhatan. There should then be peace and friendship between the English and the Red men. The colony was reached in safety, the lost captain and his twelve Indian guides being received with great gladness.*

Smith's first and chief care was to make a proper impression on the minds of the savages. He now ordered the two cannons which he had promised to give Powhatan to be brought out and loaded to the muzzle with stones. Then, under pretense of teaching the Indians gunnery, he had the pieces discharged among the tree-tops, which were bristling with icicles. There was a terrible crash, and the savages, cowering with fear and amazement, could not be induced to touch the dreadful engines. The barbarous delegation returned to their king with neither guns nor grindstones.

As a matter of fact, the settlers were very little to be dreaded by anybody. Only thirty-eight of them were left alive, and these were frost-bitten and half-starved. Their only competent leader had been absent for seven weeks in the middle of

* The stories of Smith's adventures among the Indians, including the Pocahontas story, are wholly derived from his own narrative. Some historians are inclined to disbelieve them, but there is reason to believe that they are substantially correct.

a severe winter. The old fears and discontents of the colonists had revived; and when Smith returned to the settlement, he found all hands preparing to escape in the pinnace as soon as the ice should break in the river. With much persuasion and a few wholesome threats he induced the majority to abandon this project, but the factious spirits of the colony, burning with resentment against him and his influence, made a conspiracy to kill him, and he knew not what hour might be his last.

In the midst of these dark days Captain Newport arrived from England. He brought a store of supplies and one hundred and twenty emigrants. Great was the joy throughout the little plantation; only the president was at heart as much grieved as gladdened, for he saw in the character of the newcomers no promise of anything but vexation and disaster. Here were thirty-four gentlemen at the head of the list to begin with; then came gold-hunters, jewelers, engravers, adventurers, strollers, and vagabonds, many of whom had more business in jail than at Jamestown. To add to Smith's chagrin, this company of worthless creatures had been sent out contrary to his previous protest and injunction. He had urged Newport to bring over only a few industrious mechanics and laborers; but the love of gold among the members of the London Company had prevailed over common sense to send to Virginia another crowd of profligates.

The kind of industry which Smith had encouraged in the colony was now laughed at. As soon

as the weather would permit, the newcomers and as many of the old settlers as had learned nothing from the past year's experience began to stroll about the country digging for gold. In a bank of sand at the mouth of a small tributary of the James some glittering particles were found, and the whole settlement was ablaze with excitement. Martin and Newport, both members of the council, were carried away with the common fanaticism. The latter, having filled one of his ships with the supposed gold-dust, sent it to England, and then sailed up James River to find the Pacific Ocean! Fourteen weeks of the precious springtime, that ought to have been given to plowing and planting, were consumed in this stupid nonsense. Even the Indians ridiculed the madness of men who for imaginary grains of gold were wasting their chances for a crop of corn.

In this general folly Smith was quite forgotten; but foreseeing that the evil must soon work its own cure, he kept his patience, and in the meantime busied himself with one of his most brilliant and successful enterprises; this was no less than the exploration of Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. Accompanied by Dr. Russell and thirteen other comrades who had remained faithful to him, he left Jamestown on the 2d of June. He explored the eastern shore and the Potomac River, returning to Jamestown in July.

After a rest of three days a second voyage was begun. This time the expedition reached the head of the bay, and sailed up the Susquehanna River

until the volume of water would float the barge no farther. On the return voyage Smith passed down the bay as far as the mouth of the Rappahannock; this stream he ascended to the head of navigation, and then, returning by way of the York and Chesapeake Rivers, reached Jamestown on the 7th of September. He had been absent a little more than three months, had explored the winding coast of the great bay, had encountered hostile savages by hundreds, had been driven hither and thither by storms, once wrecked, once stung by a poisonous fish and brought so near to death that his comrades digged his grave; now he was come back to the colony with a Map of the Chesapeake, which he sent by Newport to England, and which is still preserved. Only one man had been lost on the expedition.

Within three days after Smith's return to Jamestown he was formally elected president. He entered at once upon the duties of his office, correcting abuses, enforcing the laws, and restoring order to the distracted colony. There was a marked change for the better; gold-hunting became unpopular, and the rest of the year was noted as a season of great prosperity. Late in the autumn Newport arrived with seventy additional immigrants, increasing the number to more than two hundred. The health was so good that only seven deaths occurred between September and May of the following year. Excellent discipline was maintained. Every well man was obliged to work six hours a day. New houses were built,

new fields fenced in; and all through the winter the sound of ax and saw and hammer gave token of a prosperous and growing village. Such was the condition of affairs in the spring of 1609.

On the 23d of May, 1609, King James, without consulting the wishes of his American colonists, revoked their constitution, and granted to the London Company a new charter, by the terms of which the government of Virginia was completely changed. The territory included under the new patent extended from Cape Fear to Sandy Hook, and westward to the Pacific Ocean. The members of the Superior Council were now to be chosen by the stockholders of the company, vacancies were to be filled by the councilors, who were also empowered to elect a governor from their own number.

The council was at once organized in accordance with this charter, and the excellent Lord De La Ware chosen governor for life. With him were joined in authority Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general; Sir George Somers, admiral; Christopher Newport, vice-admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, high marshal; Sir Ferdinand Wainman, master of horse; and other dignitaries of similar sort. Attracted by the influence of these noblemen, a large company of more than five hundred emigrants was speedily collected, and early in June a fleet of nine vessels sailed for America. About the middle of July the ships, then passing the West Indies, were overtaken and scattered by a storm. One small vessel was wrecked, and an-

other, having on board the commissioners of Lord Delaware, was driven ashore on one of the Bermuda Islands, where the crew remained until April of the following year; the other seven ships came safely to Jamestown. Soon after the arrival of the vessels John Smith, the doughty governor, met with a serious accident. On his way down the river, while asleep in the boat, a bag of gunpowder lying near by exploded, burning and tearing his flesh so terribly that in his agony he leaped overboard. Being rescued from the river, he was carried to the fort, where he lay for some time racked with fever and tortured with his wounds. Finally, despairing of relief under the imperfect medical treatment which the colony afforded, he decided to return to England. About the middle of September, 1609, he left the scene of his heroic toils and sufferings, never to return.

There remained at Jamestown a colony of four hundred and ninety persons, well armed, well sheltered, and well supplied. Such were the viciousness and profligacy of the greater number, and such the insubordination and want of proper leadership, after Smith's departure, that by the beginning of winter the settlement was face to face with starvation. The Indians became hostile and hovered around the plantations, stragglers were intercepted and murdered, houses were fired, disease returned to add to the desolation, and cold and hunger completed the terrors of a winter which was long remembered with a shudder and called The Starving Time. By the last of March

there were only sixty persons alive, and these, if help had not come speedily, could hardly have lived a fortnight.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Gates and his companions, who had been shipwrecked in the Bermudas, had set sail for Virginia. They came in full expectation of a joyful greeting from a happy colony. What, therefore, was their disappointment and grief when a few wan, half-starved wretches crawled out of their cabins to beg for bread! Whatever stores the commissioners had brought with them were distributed to the famishing settlers, and Gates assumed control of the government.

But the colonists had now fully determined to abandon forever a place which promised them nothing but disaster and death. In vain did the commissioners remonstrate; they were driven by the clamors around them to yield to the common will. On the 7th of June, Jamestown was abandoned. The disheartened settlers, now grown resentful, were anxious before leaving to burn the town, but Gates defeated this design, and was himself the last man to go on board. Four pinnaces lay at their moorings in the river; embarking in these, the colonists dropped down with the tide, and it seemed as though the enterprise of Raleigh and Gosnold had ended in failure and humiliation.

But Lord Delaware was already on his way to America. Before the escaping settlers had passed out of the mouth of the river, the ships of the no-

ble governor came in sight. Here were additional immigrants, plentiful supplies, and promise of better things to come. Would the colonists return? The majority gave a reluctant consent, and before nightfall the fires were again kindled on the hearthstones of the deserted village. The next day was given to religious services; the governor caused his commission to be read, and entered upon the discharge of his duties. The amiability and virtue of his life, no less than the mildness and decision of his administration, endeared him to all and inspired the colony with hope.

Autumn came, and Lord Delaware fell sick. Against his own will, and to the great regret of the colony, he was compelled to return to England. It was an event of great discouragement; but fortunately, before a knowledge of the governor's departure reached England, the Superior Council had dispatched a new shipload of stores and another company of emigrants, under command of Sir Thomas Dale. The vessel arrived at Jamestown on the 10th of May. Dale, who became governor, had been a military officer in the wars of the Netherlands, and he now adopted a system of martial law as the basis of his administration. He was, however, a man so tolerant and just, that very little complaint was made on account of his arbitrary method of governing.

One of Dale's first acts was to write to the council in England, requesting that body to send out immediately as large a number of colonists as possible, with an abundance of supplies. For

once the council acted promptly; and in the latter part of August, Sir Thomas Gates arrived with a fleet of six ships, having on board three hundred immigrants and a large quantity of stores. There was great thanksgiving in the colony, a fresh enthusiasm was enkindled, and contentment came with a sense of security.

Thus far the property of the settlers at Jamestown had been held in common. The colonists had worked together, and in time of harvest deposited their products in storehouses which were under the control of the governor and council. Now the right of holding private property was recognized. Governor Gates had the lands divided so that each settler should have three acres of his own; every family might cultivate a garden and plant an orchard, the fruits of which no one but the owner was allowed to gather. The benefits of this system of labor were at once apparent. The laborers, as soon as each was permitted to claim the rewards of his own toil, became cheerful and industrious. There were now seven hundred persons in the colony; new plantations were laid out on every side, and new settlements were formed on both banks of the river and at considerable distances from Jamestown. The promise of an American State, so long deferred, seemed at last to be realized.

CHAPTER II

VIRGINIA.—CONTINUED

EARLY in the year 1612 the London Company obtained from the king a third patent. The Superior Council was abolished and the powers of that body transferred to the stockholders, who were authorized to hold public meetings, to elect their own officers, to discuss and decide all questions of law and right, and to govern the colony on their own responsibility. The cause of this change was the unprofitableness of the colony as a financial enterprise, and the consequent dissatisfaction of the company with the management of the council. The new patent, although not so intended by the king, was a great step toward a democratic form of government in Virginia.

The year 1613 was marked by two important events, both of them resulting from the lawless behavior of Captain Samuel Argall. While absent on an expedition up the Potomac River he learned that Pocahontas, who had had some difficulty with her father's tribe, was residing in that neighborhood. Procuring the help of a treacherous Indian family, the English captain enticed the unsuspecting girl on board his vessel and carried her captive to Jamestown. The authorities of the colony, instead of punishing Argall for this atrocity, aggravated the outrage by demanding that Powhatan should pay a heavy ransom for his

daughter's liberation. The old king indignantly refused, and ordered his tribes to prepare for war. Meanwhile, Pocahontas, who seems not to have been greatly grieved on account of her captivity, was converted to the Christian faith and became by baptism a member of the Episcopal Church. She was led to this course of action chiefly by the instruction and persuasion of John Rolfe, a worthy young man of the colony, who after the baptism of the princess sought her in marriage. Powhatan and his chief men gave their consent, and the nuptials were duly celebrated in the spring of the following year. By this means war was averted, and a bond of union established between the Indians and the whites.

Two years later Rolfe and his wife went to England, where they were received in the highest circles of society. Captain Smith gave them a letter of introduction to Queen Anne, and many other flattering attentions were bestowed on the modest daughter of the Western wilderness. In the following year, Rolfe made preparations to return to America; but before embarking, Pocahontas fell sick and died. There was left of this marriage a son, who afterward came to Jamestown and was a man of some importance in the affairs of the colony. To him several influential families of Virginians still trace their origin. John Randolph of Roanoke was a grandson of the sixth generation from Pocahontas.

When Captain Argall returned from his expedition up the Potomac, he was sent with an armed

vessel to the coast of Maine. The object was to destroy the French colonies which might be found within the territory claimed by England. He attacked and destroyed a small French settlement on Mt. Desert Island, near the mouth of the Penobscot, and another at the mouth of the St. Croix. On his return he attacked the few Dutch traders on Manhattan Island, destroyed their huts, and compelled them to acknowledge the sovereignty of England. The result of these proceedings was to confine the French settlements in America to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and to leave a clear coast for the English flag from Nova Scotia to Florida.

In the month of March, 1614, Sir Thomas Gates returned to England, leaving the government in the hands of Dale, whose administration lasted for two years. During this time the laws of the colony were much improved, and, more important still, the colonial industry took an entirely different form. Hitherto the labor of the settlers had been directed to the planting of vineyards and to the manufacture of potash, soap, glass, and tar. The managers of the London Company had at last learned that these articles could be produced more cheaply in Europe than in America. They had also discovered that there were certain products peculiar to the New World which might be raised and exported with great profit. Chief among such native products was the plant called tobacco, the use of which had already become fashionable in Spain, England, and France. This,

Tobacco

then, became the leading staple of the colony, and was even used as money. So entirely did the settlers give themselves to the cultivation of the famous weed that the very streets of Jamestown were plowed up and planted with it.

It was a great disaster to the people of the colony when in 1616 Argall was chosen deputy-governor. He was a man who had one virtue, courage; and in all other respects was thoroughly bad. His administration was characterized by fraud, oppression, and violence. Neither property nor life was secure against his tyranny and greed. By and by, the news of his proceedings reached England; emigration ceased at once, and the colony became a reproach, until Lord Delaware restored confidence by embarking in person for Virginia. But the worthy nobleman died on the voyage, and Argall continued his exactions and cruelty. In the spring of 1619, he was at last displaced through the influence of Sir Edwyn Sandys, and the excellent Sir George Yeardley was appointed to succeed him.

Martial law was now abolished. The act which required each settler to give a part of his labor for the common benefit was also repealed, and thus the people were freed from a kind of colonial servitude. Another action was taken of still greater importance. Governor Yeardley, in accordance with instructions received from the company, divided the plantations along James River into eleven districts, called boroughs, and issued a proclamation to the citizens of each bor-

ough to elect two of their own number to take part in the government of the colony. The elections were duly held, and on the 30th of July, 1619, the delegates came together at Jamestown. Here was organized the Virginia House of Burgesses, a colonial legislature, the first popular assembly held in the New World.

The Burgesses had many privileges, but very little power. They might discuss the affairs of the colony, but could not control them; pass laws, but could not enforce them; declare their rights, but could not secure them. Though the governor and council should both concur in the resolutions of the assembly, no law was binding until ratified by the company in England. Only one great benefit was gained—the freedom of debate. Wherever that is recognized, liberty must soon follow.

The year 1619 was also marked by the introduction of negro slavery into Virginia. The servants of the people of Jamestown had hitherto been persons of English or German descent, and their term of service had varied from a few months to many years. No perpetual servitude had thus far been recognized, nor is it likely that the English colonists would of themselves have instituted the system of slave labor. In the month of August a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the river to the plantations, and offered at auction twenty Africans. They were purchased by the wealthier class of planters, and made slaves for life. It was, however, nearly a half-century from this

time before the system of negro slavery became well established in the English colonies.

Twelve years had now passed since the founding of Jamestown. Eighty thousand pounds sterling had been spent by the company in the attempted development of the new State. As a result there were only six hundred men in the colony, and these for the most part were rovers, who intended to return to England. Sir Thomas Smith, the treasurer, had managed matters badly. Very few families had emigrated, and society in Virginia was coarse and vicious. In this condition of affairs Smith was superseded by Sir Edwyn Sandys, a man of great prudence and integrity. A reformation of abuses was at once begun and carried out. By his wisdom and liberality the new treasurer succeeded before the end of the summer of 1620 in collecting and sending to America a company of twelve hundred and sixty-one persons. Another measure of still greater importance was equally successful. By the influence of Sandys and his friends, ninety young women of good breeding and modest manners were induced to emigrate to Jamestown. In the following spring sixty others of similar good character came over, and received a hearty welcome.

The statement that the early Virginians bought their wives is absurd. All that was done was this: when Sandys sent the first company of women to America, he charged the colonists with the expense of the voyage—a measure made necessary by the fact that the company was almost bankrupt. An

assessment was made according to the number who were brought over, and the rate fixed at a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco for each passenger —a sum which the settlers cheerfully paid. The many marriages that followed were celebrated in the usual way, and nothing further was thought of the transaction. When the second shipload came, the cost of transportation was reported at a hundred and fifty pounds for each passenger, which was also paid without complaint.

In July of 1621 the London Company, which had now almost run its course, gave to Virginia a code of written laws and frame of government modeled after the English constitution. The terms of the instrument were few and easily understood. The governor of the colony was as hitherto to be appointed by the company, a council to be chosen by the same body, and a house of burgesses, two members from each district, to be elected by the people. In making laws the councilors and burgesses sat together. When a new law was proposed, it was debated, and if passed received the governor's signature, then was transmitted to England and ratified or rejected by the company. The constitution also acknowledged the right of petition and of trial by jury, but the most remarkable and liberal concession was that which gave the burgesses the power of vetoing any objectionable acts of the company.

Governor Yeardley's administration ended in October of 1621. At that time Sir Francis Wyatt

arrived, commissioned as governor and bearing the new constitution of Virginia. The colony was found in a very flourishing condition. The settlements extended for a hundred and forty miles along both banks of James River and far into the interior, especially northward toward the Potomac. There remained but one cause of foreboding and alarm. The Indians had seen in all this growth and prosperity the doom of their own race, and had determined to make one desperate effort to destroy their foes before it should be too late. To do this in open war was impossible; necessity and the savage impulse working together suggested treachery as the only means likely to accomplish the result. Circumstances favored the villainous undertaking. Pocahontas was dead. The peaceable and faith-keeping Powhatan had likewise passed away. The ambitious and crafty Opechancanough, who succeeded to his brother's authority in 1618, had ever since been plotting the destruction of the English colony, and the time had come for the bloody tragedy.

The savages carefully concealed their murderous purpose. Until the very day of the massacre they continued on terms of friendship with the English. They came unmolested into the settlements, ate with their victims, borrowed boats and guns, made purchases, and gave not the slightest token of hostility. The attack was planned for the 22d of March, at midday. At the fatal hour the work of butchery began. Every hamlet in Virginia was attacked by a band of yelling bar-

barians. No age, sex, or condition awakened an emotion of pity. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately slaughtered, until three hundred and forty-seven had perished under the knives and hatchets of the savages.

But Indian treachery was thwarted by Indian faithfulness. What was the chagrin and rage of the warriors to find that Jamestown and the other leading settlements had been warned at the last moment, and were prepared for the onset? A converted Red man, wishing to save an Englishman who had been his friend, went to him on the night before the massacre and revealed the plot. The alarm was spread among the settlements, and thus the greater part of the colony escaped destruction. But the outer plantations were entirely destroyed. The people crowded together on the larger farms about Jamestown, until of the eighty settlements there were only eight remaining. Still, there were sixteen hundred resolute men in the colony; and although gloom and despondency prevailed for a while, the courage of the settlers soon revived, and sorrow gave place to a desire for vengeance.

It was now the turn of the Indians to suffer. Parties of English soldiers scoured the country in every direction, destroying wigwams, burning villages, and killing every savage that fell in their way, until the tribes of Opechancanough were driven into the wilderness. The colonists, regaining their confidence and zeal, returned to their deserted farms, and the next year brought such ad-

1622

ditions that the census showed a population of two thousand five hundred.

Meanwhile, difficulties arose between the corporation and the king. Most of the members of the London Company belonged to the patriot party in England, and the freedom with which they were in the habit of discussing political and governmental matters was very distasteful to the monarch. The liberal character of the Virginia constitution was offensive to King James, who determined by some means to obtain control of the London Company, or else to suppress it altogether. A committee was accordingly appointed to look into the affairs of the corporation and to make a report on its management. The commissioners performed their duty, and reported that the company, in addition to being a hot-bed of political agitation, was unsound in every part, that the treasury was bankrupt, and especially that the government of Virginia was bad and would continue so until a radical change should be made in the constitution of the new State.

Legal proceedings were now instituted by the ministers to ascertain whether the company's charter had not been forfeited. The question came before the judges, who had no difficulty in deciding that the violated patent was null and void. In accordance with this decision, the charter of the corporation was canceled by the king, and in June of 1624 the London Company ceased to exist. But its work had been well done; a torch of liberty had been lighted on the banks of the

James which all the gloomy tyranny of after times could not extinguish. The Virginians were not slow to remember and to claim ever afterward the precious rights which were guaranteed in the constitution of 1621. And the other colonies would be satisfied with nothing less than the chartered privileges which were recognized in the laws of the Old Dominion.

CHAPTER III

VIRGINIA.—THE ROYAL GOVERNMENT

A ROYAL government was now established in Virginia. To the colonists themselves the change of authorities was scarcely perceptible. The new administration consisted of a governor and twelve councilors appointed by the crown. The General Assembly of the colony was left undisturbed, and all the rights and privileges of the colonists remained as before. The king's hostility had been directed against the London Company, and not against the State of Virginia; now that the former was destroyed the latter was left unmolested. Governor Wyatt was continued in office; and in making up the new council the king wisely took pains to select the known friends of the colony rather than certain untried partisans of his own court. The Virginians found in the change of government as much cause of gratitude as of grief.

King James of England died in 1625. His son, Charles I., a young, inexperienced, and stubborn prince, succeeded to the throne. The new king paid but little attention to the affairs of his American colony, until the commerce in tobacco attracted his notice. Seeing in this product a source of revenue for the crown, he attempted to gain a monopoly of the trade, but the colonial authorities outwitted him and defeated the project. It is worthy of special note that while conferring with the colony on this subject the king recognized the Virginia assembly as a rightfully constituted power. The reply which was finally returned to the king's proposal was signed not only by the governor and council, but by thirty-one of the burgesses.

In 1626 Governor Wyatt retired from office, and Yeardley, the old friend and benefactor of the colonists, was reappointed. The young State was never more prosperous than under this administration, which was terminated by the governor's death, in November of 1627. During the preceding summer a thousand new immigrants had come to swell the population of the growing province.

The council of Virginia had a right, in case of an emergency, to elect a governor. Such an emergency was now present, and Francis West was chosen by the councilors; but as soon as the death of Yeardley was known in England, King Charles commissioned John Harvey to assume the government. He arrived in the autumn of 1629,

and from this time until 1635, the colony was distracted with the presence of a most unpopular chief magistrate. He seems to have been disliked on general principles, but the greatest source of dissatisfaction was his partiality to certain speculators and land monopolists who at this time infested Virginia, to the annoyance and injury of the poorer people. There were many old land grants covering districts of territory which were now occupied by actual settlers, and between the holders of the lands and the holders of the titles violent altercations arose. In these disputes the governor became a partisan of the speculators against the people, until the outraged assembly of 1635 passed a resolution that Sir John Harvey be thrust out of office, and Captain West be appointed in his place "until the king's pleasure may be known in this matter." A majority of the councilors sided with the burgesses, and Harvey was obliged to go to England to stand his trial.

King Charles treated the whole affair with contempt. The commissioners appointed by the council of Virginia to conduct Harvey's impeachment were refused a hearing, and he was restored to the governorship of the unwilling colony. He continued in power until the year 1639, when he was superseded by Wyatt, who ruled until the spring of 1642.

And now came the English Revolution. The exactions and tyranny of Charles at last drove his subjects into open rebellion. The country was plunged into the horrors of civil war. After a

few years of conflict the royal army was routed and dispersed; the king escaped to Scotland, and the leading royalists fled to foreign lands. On the demand of Parliament, Charles was given up and brought to trial. The cause was heard, a sentence of death was passed, and on the 30th of January, 1649, the unhappy monarch was beheaded.

Monarchy was now abolished. Oliver Cromwell, the general of the Parliamentary army, was made Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. By him the destinies of the nation were controlled until his death, in 1658, when he was succeeded by his son Richard. But the latter, lacking his father's abilities and courage, became alarmed at the dangers that gathered around him, and resigned. The exiled son of Charles I. was called home and proclaimed king, the people acquiesced, Parliament sanctioned the measure, and on the 18th of May, 1660, Charles II. was placed on the throne of England.

These were times full of trouble. Virginia shared in some degree the distractions of the mother-country, yet the evil done to the new State by the conflict in England was less than might have been expected. In the first year of the civil war Sir William Berkeley became governor of the colony, and, with the exception of a brief visit to England in 1645, remained in office for ten years. His administration, notwithstanding the commotions abroad, was noted as a time of rapid growth and development. The laws were greatly

improved and made conformable to the English statutes. The old controversies about the lands were satisfactorily settled. Cruel punishments were abolished and the taxes equalized. The general assembly was regularly convened to bear its part in the government, and Virginia was in all essential particulars a free as well as a prosperous State. So rapid was the progress that in 1646 there were twenty thousand people in the colony.

But there were also drawbacks to the prosperity of Virginia. Religious intolerance came with its baleful shadow to disturb the State. The faith of the Episcopal Church was established by law, and dissenting was declared a crime. The Puritans were held in contempt by the people, who charged them with being the destroyers of the peace of England. In March of 1643 a statute was enacted by the assembly declaring that no person who disbelieved the doctrines of the English Church should be allowed to teach publicly or privately, or to preach the gospel, within the limits of Virginia. The few Puritans in the colony were excluded from their places of trust, and some were even driven from their homes. Governor Berkeley, himself a zealous churchman, was a leader in these persecutions, by which all friendly relations with New England were broken off for many years.

A worse calamity befell in a second war with the Indians. Early in 1644, the natives, having forgotten their former punishment, and believing that in the confusion of the civil war there still

remained a hope of destroying the English, planned a general massacre. On the 18th of April, at a time when the authorities were somewhat off their guard, the savages fell upon the frontier settlements, and before assistance could be brought murdered three hundred people. Alarmed at their own atrocity, the warriors then fled, but were followed by the English forces and driven into the woods and swamps. The aged Opechancanough was captured, and died a prisoner. The tribes were chastised without mercy, and were soon glad to purchase peace by the cession of large tracts of land.

The Virginians adhered with great firmness to the cause of Charles I. in his war with Parliament, and after his death proclaimed the exiled Charles II. as rightful sovereign of the country. Cromwell and the Parliament were much exasperated at this course of conduct, and measures were at once devised to bring the colony to submission. In 1651 the noted statute called the Navigation Act was passed, and the trade of the colonies was still more seriously distressed. In this new law it was enacted that the foreign commerce of Virginia, now grown into importance, should be carried on wholly in English vessels, and directed exclusively to English ports.

The Virginians held out, and Cromwell determined to employ force. A war vessel called the *Guinea* was sent into the Chesapeake to compel submission, but in the last extreme the Protector showed himself to be just, as well as wrathful.

There were commissioners on board the frigate authorized to make an offer of peace, and this was gladly accepted. It was seen that the cause of the Stuarts was hopeless. The people of Virginia, although refusing to yield to threats and violence, cheerfully entered into negotiations with Cromwell's delegates, and ended by acknowledging the supreme authority of Parliament. The terms of the settlement were very favorable to popular liberty; the commercial restrictions of the two previous years were removed, and the trade of the colony was made as free as that of England. No taxes might be levied or duties collected except such as were imposed by the general assembly of the State. The freedom of an Englishman was guaranteed to every citizen, and under the control of her own laws Virginia again grew prosperous.

In 1660, just at the time of the resignation of Richard Cromwell, the burgesses were immediately convened, and an ordinance was passed declaring that the supreme authority of Virginia was resident in the colony, and would continue there until a delegate with proper credentials should arrive from the British government. Having made this declaration, the house elected as governor Sir William Berkeley, who by accepting the office acknowledged the right of the burgesses to choose.

In May of 1660 Charles II. became king of England. As soon as this event was known in Virginia, Governor Berkeley, forgetting the source

of his own authority, and in defiance of all consistency, issued writs in the name of the king for the election of a new assembly. The friends of royalty were delighted with the prospect. The adherents of the Commonwealth were thrust out of office, and the favorites of the king established in their places. Great benefits were expected from the change, and the whole colony was alive with excitement and zeal. But the disappointment of the people was more bitter than their hopes had been extravagant. The Virginians soon found that they had exchanged a republican tyrant with good principles for a monarchial tyrant with bad ones. The commercial system of the Commonwealth, so far from being abolished, was re-enacted in a more hateful form than ever. The new statute provided that all the colonial commerce, whether exports or imports, should be carried on in English ships, the trade between the colonies was burdened with a heavy tax for the benefit of the government, and tobacco, the staple of Virginia, could be sold nowhere but in England. This odious measure gave to English merchantmen a monopoly of the carrying trade of the colonies, and by destroying competition among the buyers of tobacco robbed the Virginians to that extent of their leading product. Remonstrance was tried in vain. The cold and selfish monarch only sneered at the complaints of his American subjects, and the commercial ordinances were rigorously enforced.

Charles II. seemed to regard the British em-

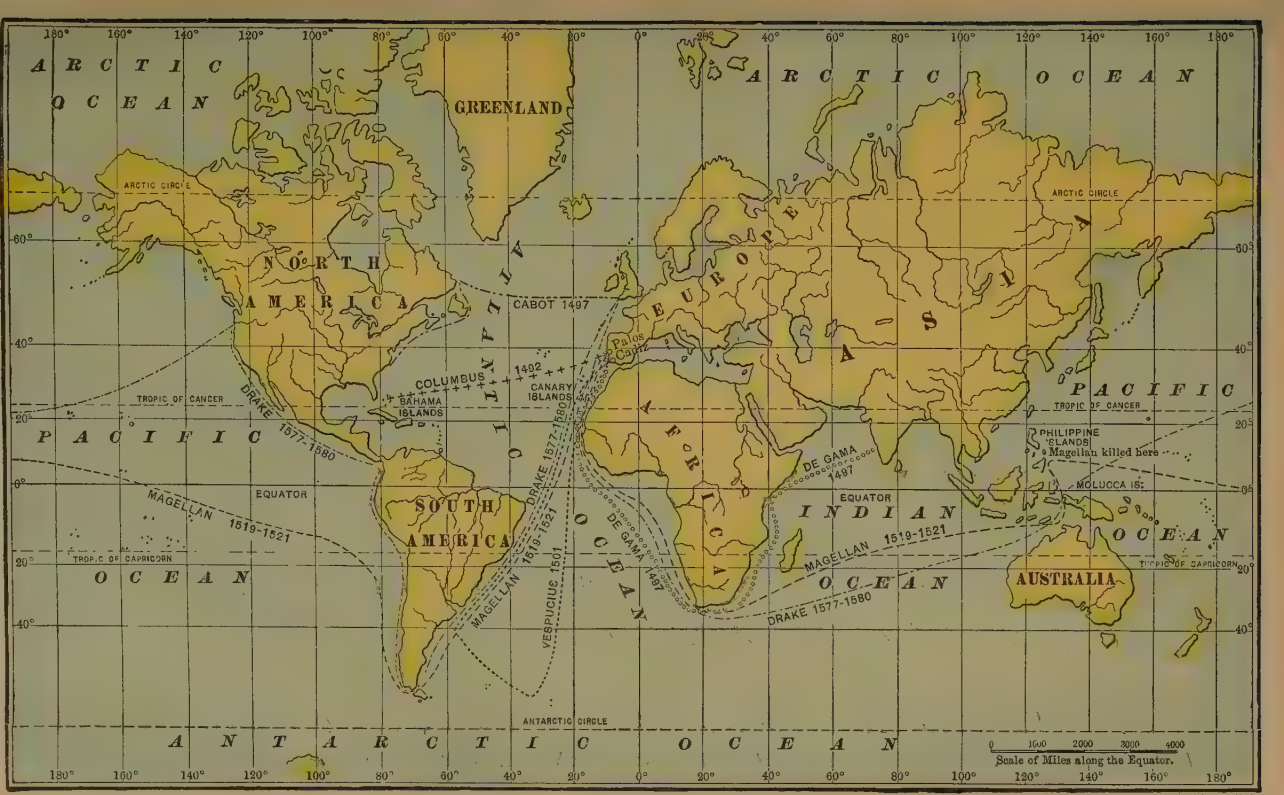
pire as personal property to be used for the benefit of himself and his courtiers. In order to reward the worthless profligates who thronged his court, he began to grant to them large tracts of land in Virginia. What did it matter that these lands had been redeemed from the wilderness and were covered with orchards and gardens? It was no uncommon thing for an American planter to find that his farm, which had been cultivated for a quarter of a century, was given away to some dissolute flatterer of the royal household. Great distress was occasioned by these iniquitous grants, until finally, in 1673, the king set a limit to his own recklessness by giving away the whole State. Lord Culpepper and the earl of Arlington, two ignoble noblemen, received under the great seal a deed by which was granted to them for thirty-one years all the dominion of land and water called Virginia.

Unfortunately, the colonial legislation of these times became as selfish and narrow-minded as the policy of the king was mean. An aristocratic party which had arisen in the colony obtained control of the House of Burgesses, and the new laws rivaled those of England in illiberality. Episcopalianism was again established as the State religion. A proscriptive ordinance was passed against the Baptists, and the peace-loving Quakers were fined, persecuted, and imprisoned. Burdensome taxes were laid on personal property and polls; the holders of large estates were exempt and the poorer people afflicted. The salaries of the offi-

cers were secured by a permanent duty on tobacco, and, worst of all, the biennial election of burgesses was abolished, so that the members of the existing assembly continued indefinitely in power. For a while Berkeley and his council outdid the tyranny of England.

And then came open resistance. A war with the Susquehanna Indians furnished the occasion for an insurrection. The tribes about the head of Chesapeake Bay and along the Susquehanna had been attacked by the Senecas and driven from their homes. They, in turn, fell upon the English settlers of Maryland, and the banks of the Potomac became the scene of the border war. Virginia and Maryland made common cause against the savages. John Washington, great-grandfather of the first president of the United States, led a company of militia into the enemy's country, and compelled the Susquehannas to sue for peace. Six of their chieftains went into Virginia as ambassadors, and, to the lasting dishonor of the colony, were foully murdered. This atrocity maddened the savages, and a devastating warfare raged along the whole frontier.

Governor Berkeley, not without some show of justice, sided with the Indians. The aristocratic party took sides with the governor and favored peace; while the popular party, disliking Berkeley and hating the Indians, resolved to overthrow him and destroy them at one blow. A leader was found in that remarkable man, Nathaniel Bacon.



GREAT VOYAGES FROM 1492 TO 1580.

Young, brave, eloquent, patriotic, full of enthusiasm and energy, he became the soul and life of the popular party. His own farm in the county of Henrico had been pillaged and his tenants murdered by the savages. Exasperated by these injuries, he was the more easily urged by the public voice to accept the dangerous office of leading an insurrection.

Five hundred men rushed to arms and demanded to be led against the Indians. Alarm, excitement, and passion prevailed throughout the colony. The patriot forces were organized; and without permission of a government which they had ceased to regard, the march was begun into the enemy's country. Berkeley and the aristocratic faction were enraged at this proceeding, and proclaimed Bacon a traitor. A levy of troops was made for the purpose of dispersing the rebellious militia; but scarcely had Berkeley and his forces left Jamestown when another popular uprising in the lower counties compelled him to return. Affairs were in an uproar. Bacon came home victorious. The old assembly was unceremoniously broken up, and a new one elected on the basis of universal suffrage. Bacon was chosen a member for Henrico, and soon after elected commander-in-chief of the Virginia army. The governor refused to sign his commission, and Bacon appealed to the people; the militia again flew to arms, and Berkeley was compelled to yield. Not only was the commission signed, but a paper drawn up by the burgesses in commendation of Bacon's loyalty,

zeal, and patriotism received the executive signature and was transmitted to Parliament.

Peace returned to the colony. The power of the savages was completely broken. A military force was stationed on the frontier, and a sense of security returned to all the settlements. But Berkeley was petulant, proud, and vengeful; and it was only a question of time when the struggle would be renewed. Seizing the first opportunity, the governor left Jamestown and repaired to the county of Gloucester, on the north side of York River. Here he summoned a convention of loyalists, who, contrary to his expectations and wishes, advised moderation and compromise; but the hot-headed old cavalier would yield no jot of his prerogative to what he was pleased to call a rabble, and Bacon was again proclaimed a traitor.

It was evident that there must be fighting. Berkeley and his forces left Gloucester, crossed the Chesapeake Bay, and took station on the eastern shore, in the county of Accomac. Here his troops were organized; the crews of some English ships were joined to his command, and the fleet set sail for Jamestown. The place was taken without much resistance; but when Bacon with a few companies of patriots drew near, the loyal forces deserted and went over to his standard. The governor with his adherents was again obliged to fly, and the capital remained in possession of the people's party. The assembly was about to assume control of the government without the governor,

whose flight to Accomac had been declared an abdication, when a rumor arose that an English fleet was approaching for the subjugation of the colonies. The patriot leaders held a council, and it was determined that Jamestown should be burned. Accordingly, in the dusk of the evening the torch was applied, and the only town in Virginia laid in ashes. The leading men set the example by throwing firebrands into their own houses; others caught the spirit of sacrifice; the flames shot up through the shadows of night; and Governor Berkeley and his followers, on board a fleet twenty miles down the river, had tolerably fair warning that the capital of Virginia could not be used for the purposes of despotism.

In this juncture of affairs Bacon fell sick and died. It was an event full of grief and disaster. The patriot party, discouraged by the loss of the heroic chieftain, was easily dispersed. A few feeble efforts were made to revive the cause of the people, but the animating spirit which had controlled and directed until now was gone. The royalists found an able leader in Robert Beverly, and the authority of the governor was rapidly restored throughout the province.

Berkeley's vindictive passions were now let loose upon the defeated insurgents. Fines and confiscations became the order of the day. The governor seemed determined to drown the memory of his own wrongs in the woes of his subjects. Twenty-two of the leading patriots were seized and hanged with scarcely time to bid their friends

farewell. Thus died Thomas Hansford, the first American who gave his life for freedom. Thus perished Edmund Cheesman, Thomas Wilford, and the noble William Drummond, martyrs to liberty. Nor is it certain when the vengeful tyrant would have stayed his hand, had not the assembly met and passed an edict that no more blood should be spilt for past offenses. One of the burgesses from the county of Northampton said in the debate that if the governor were let alone he would hang half the country. When Charles II. heard of Berkeley's ferocity, he exclaimed, "The old fool has taken away more lives in that naked country than I for the murder of my father"; and the saying was true.

The history of this insurrection was for a long time recited by Bacon's enemies. Until the present century no one appeared to rescue the leader's name from obloquy. In the light of after times his character will shine with a peculiar luster. His motives were as exalted as his life was pure, and his virtues as noted as his abilities were great. His ambition was for the public welfare, and his passions were only excited against the enemies of his country.

The consequences of the rebellion were very disastrous. Berkeley and the aristocratic party had now a good excuse for suppressing all liberal sentiments and tendencies. The printing-press was interdicted. Education was discouraged or forbidden. To speak or to write anything against the administration or in defense of the late insur-

rection was made a crime to be punished by fine or whipping. If the offense should be three times repeated, it was declared to be treason punishable with death. The former tyrannical methods of taxation were revived, and Virginia was left at the mercy of arbitrary rulers.

In 1675, Lord Culpepper, to whom with Arlington the province had been granted two years previously, obtained the appointment of governor for life. The right of the king was thus by his own act relinquished, and Virginia became a proprietary government. The new executive arrived in 1680 and assumed the duties of his office. His whole administration was characterized by avarice and dishonesty. Regarding Virginia as his personal estate, he treated the Virginians as his tenants and slaves. Every species of extortion was resorted to, until the mutterings of rebellion were again heard throughout the impoverished colony. In 1683, Arlington surrendered his claim to Culpepper, who thus became sole proprietor as well as governor; but before he could proceed to further mischief, his official career was cut short by the act of the king. Charles II., repenting of his own rashness, found in Culpepper's vices and frauds a sufficient excuse to remove him from office and to revoke his patent. In 1684, Virginia again became a royal province, under the government of Lord Howard, of Effingham, who continued in office until near the close of the century. The affairs of the colony during the next fifty years are not of sufficient interest and importance to

require mention in an abridgment of American history. At the outbreak of the French and Indian War, Virginia will show to the world that the labors of Smith, and Gosnold, and Bacon have not been in vain.

COLONIAL HISTORY.—CONTINUED

A.D. 1620-1754

NEW ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

MASSACHUSETTS

THE spring of 1621 brought a ray of hope to the distressed Pilgrims of New Plymouth. Never was the returning sun more welcome. The fatal winter had swept off one-half of the number. Governor Carver himself sickened and died, and the broken-hearted wife found rest in the same grave with her husband. But now, with the approach of warm weather, the destroying pestilence was stayed, and the spirits of the survivors revived with the season. Out of the snows of winter, the desolations of disease, and the terrors of death the faith of the Puritan had come forth triumphant.

For a while the colonists were apprehensive of

the Indians. In February, Miles Standish was sent out with his soldiers to gather information of the numbers and disposition of the natives. The army of New England consisted of six men besides the general. Deserted wigwams were found here and there; the smoke of campfires arose in the distance; savages were occasionally seen in the forest. These fled, however, at the approach of the English, and Standish returned to Plymouth.

A month later the colonists were astonished by the sudden appearance in their midst of a Wampanoag Indian named Samoset. He ran into the village and bade the strangers welcome. He gave an account of the numbers and strength of the neighboring tribes, and recited the story of a great plague by which, a few years before, the country had been swept of its inhabitants. Another Indian, by the name of Squanto, who had been carried away by Hunt in 1614, and had learned to speak English, came also to Plymouth, and confirmed what Samoset had said.

By the influence of these two natives friendly relations were at once established with the Wampanoags. Massasoit, the great sachem of the nation, was invited to visit the settlement, and came attended by a few of his warriors. The Pilgrims received him with as much parade and ceremony as the colony could provide; Captain Standish ordered out his soldiers, and Squanto acted as interpreter. Then and there was ratified the first treaty made in New England. The terms were few and simple. There should be peace

and friendship between the whites and the Red men. No injury should be done by either party to the other. All offenders should be given up to be punished. If the English engaged in war, Massasoit should help them; if the Wampanoags were attacked unjustly, the English should give aid against the common enemy. Mark that word *unjustly:* it contains the essence of Puritanism.

The treaty thus made and ratified remained inviolate for fifty years. Other chiefs followed the example of the great sachem and entered into friendly relations with the colony. Nine of the leading tribes acknowledged the sovereignty of the English king. One chieftain, Canonicus, king of the Narragansetts, sent to William Bradford, who had been chosen governor after the death of Carver, a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake; but the undaunted governor stuffed the skin with powder and balls and sent it back to the chief, who did not dare to accept the dangerous challenge. The hostile emblem was borne about from tribe to tribe, until finally it was returned to Plymouth.

The summer of 1621 was unfruitful, and the Pilgrims were brought to the point of starvation. To make their condition still more grievous, a new company of immigrants, without provisions or stores, arrived, and were quartered on the colonists during the fall and winter. For six months together the settlers were obliged to subsist on half-allowance. At one time only a few grains of parched corn remained to be distributed, and

at another there was absolute destitution. In this state of affairs some English fishing-vessels came to Plymouth and charged the starving colonists two prices for food enough to keep them alive.

The intruding immigrants just mentioned had been sent to America by Thomas Weston, of London, one of the projectors of the colony. They remained with the people of Plymouth until the summer of 1622, then removed to the south side of Boston Harbor and began a new settlement called Weymouth. Instead of working with their might to provide against starvation, they wasted the fall in idleness, and attempted to keep up their stock of provisions by defrauding the Indians. Thus provoked to hostility, the natives formed a plan to destroy the colony; but Massasoit, faithful to his pledges, went to Plymouth and revealed the plot. Standish marched to Weymouth at the head of his regiment, now increased to eight men, attacked the hostile tribe, killed several warriors, and carried home the chief's head on a pole. The tender-hearted John Robinson wrote from Leyden: "I would that you had converted some of them before you killed any."

In the following spring most of the Weymouth settlers abandoned the place and returned to England. The summer of 1623 brought a plentiful harvest to the people of the older colony, and there was no longer any danger of starvation. The natives, preferring the chase, became dependent on the settlement for corn, and furnished in exchange an abundance of game. The main body

of Pilgrims still tarried at Leyden. Robinson made unwearied efforts to bring his people to America, but the adventurers of London who had managed the enterprise would provide no further means either of money or transportation; and now, at the end of the fourth year, there were only a hundred and eighty persons in New England. The managers had expected profitable returns, and were disapointed. They had expended thirty-four thousand dollars; there was neither profit nor the hope of any. Under this discouragement the proprietors made a proposition to sell out their claims to the colonists. The offer was accepted; and in November of 1627 eight of the leading men of Plymouth purchased from the Londoners their entire interest for the sum of nine thousand dollars.

The year 1624 was marked by the founding of a settlement at Cape Ann. John White, a Puritan minister of Dorchester, England, collected a small company of emigrants and sent them to America. The colony was established, but after two years of discouragement the cape was abandoned as a place unsuitable, and the company moved farther south to Naumkeag, afterward called Salem. Here a settlement was begun, and in 1628 was made permanent by the arrival of a second colony, in charge of John Endicott, who was chosen governor. In March of the same year the colonists obtained a patent from the Council of Plymouth; and in 1629 Charles I. issued a charter by which the proprietors were incorporated

under the name of The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England. In July two hundred additional immigrants arrived, half of whom settled at Plymouth, while the other half removed to a peninsula on the north side of Boston Harbor and laid the foundation of Charlestown.

Early English Settler

At the first it had been decided that the charter of the colony should be left in England, and that the governor should reside there also. After further discussion, this decision was reversed, and in September it was decreed that the whole government should be transferred to America, and that the charter, as a pledge of liberty, should be intrusted to the colonists themselves. As soon as this liberal action was made known emigration began on an extensive scale. In the year 1630 about three hundred of the best Puritan families in the kingdom came to New England. Not adventurers, not vagabonds, were these brave people, but virtuous, well-educated, courageous men and women, who for conscience' sake left comfortable homes with no ex-

pectation of returning. It was not the least of their good fortune to choose a noble leader.

If ever a man was worthy to be held in perpetual remembrance, that man was John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts. Born a royalist, he cherished the principles of republicanism. Himself an Episcopalian, he chose affliction with the Puritans. Surrounded with affluence and comfort, he left all to share the destiny of the persecuted Pilgrims. Calm, prudent, and peaceable, he joined the zeal of an enthusiast with the sublime faith of a martyr.

A part of the new immigrants settled at Salem; others at Cambridge and Watertown, on Charles River; while others, going farther south, founded Roxbury and Dorchester. The governor, with a few of the leading families, resided for a while at Charlestown, but soon crossed the harbor to the peninsula of Shawmut and laid the foundation of Boston, which became henceforth the capital of the colony and the metropolis of New England. With the approach of winter sickness came, and the distress was very great. Many of the newcomers were refined and tender people who could not endure the bitter blasts of Massachusetts Bay. Coarse fare and scanty provisions added to the griefs of disease. Sleet and snow drifted through the cracks of the thin board huts where enfeebled men and delicate women moaned out their lives. Before midwinter two hundred had perished. A few others, heartsick and despairing, returned to England; but there was heard neither murmur nor

repining. Governor Winthrop wrote to his wife: "I like so well to be here that I do not repent my coming."

At a session of the general court of the colony, held in 1631, a law was passed restricting the right of suffrage. It was enacted that none but members of the church should be permitted to vote at the colonial elections. The choice of governor, deputy-governor, and assistant councilors was thus placed in the hands of a small minority. Nearly three-fourths of the people were excluded from exercising the rights of freemen. Taxes were levied for the support of the gospel; oaths of obedience to the magistrates were required; attendance on public worship was enforced by law; none but church-members were eligible to offices of trust. It is strange indeed that the very men who had so recently, through perils by sea and land, escaped with only their lives to find religious freedom in another continent, should have begun their career with intolerance and proscription. The only excuse that can be found for the gross inconsistency and injustice of such legislation is that bigotry was the vice of the age rather than of the Puritans.

One manly voice was lifted up against this odious statute. It was the voice of young Roger Williams, minister of Salem. To this man belongs the shining honor of being first in America or in Europe to proclaim the full gospel of religious toleration. He declared to his people that the conscience of man may in no wise be bound

by the authority of the magistrate; that civil government has only to do with civil matters, such as the collection of taxes, the restraint and punishment of crime, and the protection of all men in the enjoyment of equal rights. For these noble utterances he was obliged to quit the ministry of the church at Salem and retire to Plymouth. Finally, in 1634, he wrote a paper in which the declaration was made that grants of land, though given by the king of England, were invalid until the natives were justly recompensed. This was equivalent to saying that the colonial charter itself was void, and that the people were really living upon the lands of the Indians. Great excitement was occasioned by the publication, and Williams consented that for the sake of public peace the paper should be burned. But he continued to teach his doctrines, saying that compulsory attendance at religious worship, as well as taxation for the support of the ministry, was contrary to the teachings of the gospel. When arraigned for these doctrines, he crowned his offenses by telling the court that a test of church-membership in a voter or a public officer was as ridiculous as the selection of a doctor of physic or the pilot of a ship on account of his skill in theology.

These assertions raised such a storm in court that Williams was condemned for heresy and banished from the colony. In the dead of winter he left home and became an exile in the desolate forest. For fourteen weeks he wandered on through the snow, sleeping at night on the ground or in

a hollow tree, living on parched corn, acorns, and roots. He carried with him one precious treasure—a private letter from Governor Winthrop, giving him words of cheer and encouragement. Nor did the Indians fail to show their gratitude to the man who had so nobly defended their rights. In the country of the Wampanoags he was kindly entertained. Massasoit invited him to his cabin at Pokanoket, and Canonicus, king of the Narragansetts, received him as a friend and brother. Soon the information came that he was still within the territory of Plymouth colony, and another removal became necessary. With five companions, who had joined him in banishment, he embarked in a canoe, passed down the river, and crossed to the west side of the bay. Here he was safe; his enemies could hunt him no farther. A tract of land was honorably purchased from Canonicus; and in June of 1636 the illustrious founder of Rhode Island laid out the city of Providence.

Punishment for Blasphemy

Meanwhile, his teachings were bearing fruit in Massachusetts. In 1634 a representative form of government was established against the opposition of the clergy. To make the reform complete, a Ballot-box was substituted for the old method of public voting. The restriction on the right of suffrage was the only remaining bar to a

perfect system of self-government in New England.

During the next year three thousand new immigrants arrived. It was worth while—so thought the people of England—to come to a country where the principles of freedom were spreading with such rapidity. The newcomers were under the leadership of Hugh Peters and Sir Henry Vane; the former the Puritan pastor of some English exiles at Rotterdam, in Holland, and the latter a young nobleman who afterward played an important part in the history of England. Such was his popularity with the people of Massachusetts, and such his zeal and piety, that in less than a year after his arrival he was chosen governor of the colony.

By this time the settlements around Massachusetts Bay were thickly clustered. To enlarge the frontier, to plunge into the wilderness and find new places of abode, became a necessity. One little company of twelve families, led by Simon Willard and Peter Bulkeley, marched through the woods until they came to some open meadows sixteen miles from Boston, and there laid the foundations of Concord. A little later in the same year, another colony of sixty persons left the older settlements and pressed their way westward as far as the Connecticut River. The march itself was a grievous hardship, but greater toils and sufferings were in store for the adventurous company. A dreadful winter overtook them in their new homes but half-provided. Some died; others, disheartened, waded back through the dreary untrodden

snows and came half-famished to Plymouth and Boston; but the rest, with true Puritan heroism, outbraved the winter and triumphed over the pangs of starvation. Spring brought a recompense for hardship: the heroic pioneers crept out of their miserable huts to become the founders of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, the oldest towns in the Connecticut valley.

The banishment of Roger Williams, instead of bringing peace, brought strife and dissension to the people of Massachusetts. The ministers were stern and exacting. Every shade of popular belief was closely scrutinized; the slightest departure from orthodox doctrines was met with a charge of heresy, and to be a heretic was to become an outcast. Still, the advocates of free opinion multiplied. The clergy, notwithstanding their great influence among the people, felt insecure. Religious debates became the order of the day. Every sermon had to pass the ordeal of review and criticism.

In the Stocks

Most prominent among those who were said to be "as bad as Roger Williams, or worse," was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, a woman of genius, who had come over in the ship with Sir Henry Vane. She desired the privilege of speaking at the weekly

debates, and was refused. Women had no business at these assemblies, said the elders. Indignant at this, she became the champion of her sex, and declared that the ministers who were defrauding women of the gospel were no better than Pharisees. She called meetings of her friends, spoke much in public, and pleaded with great fervor for the full freedom of conscience. The liberal doctrines of the exiled Williams were reaffirmed with more power and eloquence than ever. Many of the magistrates were converted to the new beliefs; the governor himself espoused the cause of Mrs. Hutchinson; and many of the people of Boston inclined to her opinions.

For a while there was a reign of discord; but as soon as Sir Henry's term of office expired a call was issued for a meeting of the synod of New England. The body convened in August of 1637; a decree was proposed; Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends were declared unfit for the society of Christians, and banished from the territory of Massachusetts. With a large number of friends the exiles wended their way toward the home of Roger Williams. Miantonomoh, a Narragansett chieftain, made them a gift of the beautiful island of Rhode Island; there, in the month of March, 1641, a little republic was established, in whose constitution freedom of conscience was guaranteed and persecution for opinion's sake forbidden.

The year 1636 was an important epoch in the history of Massachusetts. The general court of the colony passed an act appropriating between

one and two thousand dollars to found and endow a college. The measure met with popular favor; the Puritans were an educated people, and were quick to appreciate the advantages of learning. Newtown was selected as the site of the proposed school. Plymouth and Salem gave gifts to help the enterprise; and from villages in the Connecticut valley came contributions of corn and wampum. In 1638, John Harvard, a young minister of Charlestown, died, bequeathing his library and nearly five thousand dollars to the school. To perpetuate the memory of the noble benefactor, the new institution was named Harvard College; and in honor of the place where the leading men of Massachusetts had been educated, the name of Newtown was changed to Cambridge. Thus early did the people of New England stamp their approval on the cause of education. In spite of sterile soil and desolate landscapes—in spite of destroying climate and wasting disease—in spite even of superstition and bigotry—the people who educate will ever be great and free.

The Printing-press came also. In 1638, Stephen Daye, an English printer, arrived at Boston, bringing a font of types, and in the following year set up a press at Cambridge. The first American publication was an almanac calculated for New England, and bearing date of 1639. During the next year, Thomas Welde and John Eliot, two ministers of Roxbury, and Richard Mather, of Dorchester, translated the Hebrew Psalms into English verse, and published their rude work in a

volume of three hundred pages—the first book printed on this side of the Atlantic.

The rapid growth of Massachusetts now became a source of alarm to the English government. The principles of religion and politics which were openly avowed and gloried in by the citizens of the new commonwealth were hateful to Charles I. and his ministers. The archbishop of Canterbury was much offended. Something must be done to check the further growth of the Puritan colonies. The first measure which suggested itself was to stop emigration. For this purpose an edict was issued as early as 1634, but was of no effect. The officers of the government neglected to enforce the law. Four years later, more vigorous measures were adopted. A squadron of eight vessels, ready to sail from London, was detained by the royal authority. Many of the most prominent Puritan families in England were on board of these ships. Historians of high rank have asserted—but without sufficient proof—that John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell were of the number who were turned back by the detention. At all events, it would have been the part of wisdom in King Charles to allow all Puritans to leave his realm as fast as possible. By detaining them in England he only made sure the Revolution, and by so much hastened his own downfall.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFEDERATION

NEW ENGLAND was fast becoming a nation. Well-nigh fifty towns and villages dotted the face of the country. Nearly a million of dollars had been spent in settling and developing the new State. Enterprises of all kinds were rife. Manufactures, commerce, and the arts were rapidly introduced. William Stephens, a shipbuilder who came with Governor Winthrop to Boston, had already built and launched an American vessel of four hundred tons burden. Before 1640, two hundred and ninety-eight emigrant ships had anchored in Massachusetts Bay. Twenty-one thousand two hundred people, escaping from English intolerance of Church or State, had found home and rest between Plymouth Rock and the Connecticut valley. It is not wonderful that the colonists began to cast about them for better political organization and more ample forms of government.

Many circumstances impelled the colonies to union. First of all, there was the natural desire of men to have a regular and permanent government. England, torn and distracted with civil war, could do nothing for or against her colonies; they must take care of themselves. Here was the western frontier exposed to the hostilities of the Dutch towns on the Hudson; Connecticut alone

could not defend herself. Similar trouble was apprehended from the French on the north; the English settlements on the Piscataqua were weak and defenseless. Indian tribes capable of mustering a thousand warriors were likely at any hour to fall upon remote and helpless villages; the prevalence of common interests and the necessities of common defense made a union of some sort very desirable.

In 1643, a measure of union was brought forward and adopted. By the terms of this compact, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven were joined in a loose confederacy, called The United Colonies of New England. The chief authority was conferred upon a general assembly, or congress, composed of two representatives from each colony. Each community retained, as before, its separate local existence; and all subordinate questions of legislation were reserved to the respective colonies. Only matters of general interest—such as Indian affairs, the levying of troops, the raising of revenues, declarations of war and treaties of peace—were submitted to the assembly.

Provision was made for the admission of other colonies into the union, but none were ever admitted. The English settlement on the Piscataqua was rejected because of heterodoxy in religion. The Providence Plantations were refused for similar reasons. Should Roger Williams return to plague an assembly where an approved church-membership was the sole qualification for office? The little island of Rhode Island, with its Jewish

republic, also knocked for admission; Anne Hutchinson's commonwealth was informed that Plymouth colony had rightful jurisdiction there, and that heresy was a bar to all petitions.

Until the year 1641 the people of Massachusetts had had no regular code of laws. At a meeting of the assembly in December of this year, Nathaniel Ward brought forward a written instrument which, after mature deliberation, was adopted as the constitution of the State. This fundamental statute was called the Body of Liberties, and was ever afterward esteemed as the great charter of colonial freedom. It may be doubted whether any other primitive constitution, either ancient or modern, contains more wisdom than this early code of Massachusetts.

A further modification in the government was effected in 1644. Until this time the representatives of the people had sat and voted in the same hall with the governor and his assistant magistrates. It was now decreed that the two bodies should sit apart, each with its own officers and under its own management. By this measure the people's branch of the legislature was made independent and of equal authority with the governor's council. Thus step by step were the safeguards of liberty established and regular forms of government secured.

The people of Massachusetts were little grieved on account of the English Revolution. It was for them a vindication and a victory. The triumph of Parliament over King Charles was the triumph of

Puritanism both in England and America. During the supremacy of the Long Parliament several acts were passed which put in peril the interests of Massachusetts, but by a prudent and far-sighted policy all evil results were avoided. Powerful friends, especially Sir Henry Vane, stood up in Parliament and defended the colony against the intrigues of her enemies. Soon after the abolition of monarchy a statute was made which threatened for a while the complete subversion of the new State. Massachusetts was invited to surrender her charter, to receive a new instrument instead, and to hold courts and issue writs in the name of Parliament. The requisition was never complied with. Cromwell did not insist on the surrender; no one else had power to enforce the act; and Massachusetts retained her charter.

The Protector was the constant friend of the American colonies. Even Virginia, though slighting his authority, found him just, as well as severe. The people of New England were his special favorites. To them he was bound by every tie of political and religious sympathy. For more than ten years, when he might have been an oppressor, he continued the benefactor, of the English in America. During his administration the northern colonies were left in the full enjoyment of their coveted rights. In commerce, in the industry of private life, and especially in religion, the people of Massachusetts were as free as the people of England.

In the year 1652, it was decreed by the general

court at Boston that the jurisdiction of the province extended as far north as three miles above the most northerly waters of the river Merrimac. This declaration, which was in strict accordance with the charter of the colony, was made for the purpose of annexing Maine to Massachusetts. By this measure the territory of the latter State was extended to Casco Bay. Settlements had been made on the Piscataqua as early as 1626, but had not flourished. Thirteen years later a royal charter was issued to Sir Ferdinand Gorges, a member of the Council of Plymouth, who became proprietor of the province. His cousin, Thomas Gorges, was made deputy-governor. A high-sounding constitution, big enough for an empire, was drawn up, and the little village of Gorgeana, afterward York, became the capital of the kingdom. Meanwhile, in 1630, the Plymouth Council had granted to another corporation sixteen hundred square miles of the territory around Casco Bay, and this claim had been purchased by Rigby, a republican member of Parliament. Between his deputies and those of Gorges violent disputes arose. The villages of Maine, sympathizing with neither party, and emulous of the growth and prosperity of the southern colonies, laid their grievances before the court at Boston, and the annexation of the province followed.

In July of 1656, the Quakers began to arrive at Boston. The first who came were Ann Austin and Mary Fisher. The introduction of the plague would have occasioned less alarm. The two

women were caught and searched for marks of witchcraft, their trunks were broken open, their books were burned by the hangman, and they themselves thrown into prison. After several weeks' confinement they were brought forth and banished from the colony. Before the end of the year eight others had been arrested and sent back to England. The delegates of the union were immediately convened, and a rigorous law was passed, excluding all Quakers from the country. Whipping, the loss of one ear, and banishment were the penalties for the first offense; after a second conviction the other ear should be cut off; and should the criminal again return, his tongue should be bored through with a red-hot iron.

In 1657, Ann Burden, who had come from London to preach against persecution, was seized and beaten with twenty stripes. Others came, were shipped and exiled. As the law became more cruel and proscriptive, fresh victims rushed forward to brave its terrors. The assembly of the four colonies again convened, and advised the authorities of Massachusetts to pronounce the penalty of death against the fanatical disturbers of the public peace. When the resolutions embodying this advice were put before the assembly, to his everlasting honor, the younger Winthrop, delegate from Connecticut, voted No! Massachusetts accepted the views of the greater number, and the death-penalty was passed by a majority of one vote.

In September of 1659, four persons were arrested and brought to trial under this law. The

prisoners were given the option of going into exile or of being hanged. Two of them (Mary Dyar and Nicholas Davis) chose banishment; but the other two (Marmaduke Stephenson and William Robinson) stood firm, denounced the wickedness of the court, and were sentenced to death. Mary Dyar, in whom the love of martyrdom had triumphed over fear, now returned, and was also condemned. On the 27th of October the three were led forth to execution. The men were hanged without mercy; and the woman, after the rope had been adjusted to her neck, was reprieved only to be banished. She was conveyed beyond the limits of the colony, but immediately returned and was executed. William Leddra was next seized, tried, and sentenced. As in the case of the others, he was offered perpetual exile instead of death. He refused, and was hanged.

Others, eager for the honor of martyrdom, came forward in crowds, and the jails were filled with voluntary prisoners. But erelong the public conscience was aroused; the law was repealed and the prison-doors were opened. The bloody reign of proscription had ended, but not until four innocent enthusiasts had given their lives for liberty of conscience.

But let a veil be drawn over this sorrowful event. The history of all times is full of scenes of violence and wrong. It could not be expected that an American colony, founded by exiles, pursued with malice and beset with dangers, should be wholly exempt from the shame of evil deeds. The

Puritans established a religious rather than a civil commonwealth; whatever put the faith of the people in peril seemed to them more to be dreaded than pestilence or death. To ward off heresy, even by destroying the heretic, seemed only a natural self-defense. A nobler lesson has been learned in the light of better times.

The English Revolution had now run its course. Cromwell was dead. The Commonwealth tottered and fell. Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors. Tidings of the Restoration reached Boston on the 27th of July, 1660. In the same vessel that bore the news came Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the judges who had passed sentence of death on Charles I. It was now their turn to save their lives by flight. Governor Endicott received them with courtesy; the agents from the British government came in hot pursuit with orders to arrest them. For a while the fugitives, aided by the people of Boston, baffled the officers, and then escaped to New Haven. Here for many weeks they lay in concealment; not even the Indians would accept the reward which was offered for their apprehension. At last the exiles reached the valley of the Connecticut and found refuge at the village of Hadley, where they passed the remainder of their lives.

Owing to the partiality of Cromwell, the restrictions on colonial commerce which bore so heavily on Virginia were scarcely felt by Massachusetts. On the restoration of monarchy a se-

verer policy was at once adopted. All vessels not bearing the English flag were forbidden to enter the harbors of New England. A law of exportation was enacted by which all articles produced in the colonies and demanded in England should be shipped to England only. Such articles of American production as the English merchants did not desire might be sold in any of the ports of Europe. The law of importation was equally odious; such articles as were produced in England should not be manufactured in America, and should be bought from England only. Free trade between the colonies was forbidden; and a duty of five per cent., levied for the benefit of the English king, was put on both exports and imports. Human ingenuity could hardly have invented a set of measures better calculated to produce an American Revolution.

In 1664, war broke out between England and Holland. It became a part of the English military plans to reduce the Dutch settlements on the Hudson; and for this purpose a fleet was sent to America. But there was another purpose also. Charles II. was anxious to obtain control of the New England colonies, that he might govern them according to the principles of arbitrary power. The chief obstacle to this undertaking was the charter of Massachusetts—an instrument given under the great seal of England, and not easily revoked. To accomplish the same end by other means was now the object of the king; and with this end in view four commissioners were ap-

pointed with instructions to go to America, to sit in judgment upon all matters of complaint that might arise in New England, to settle colonial disputes, and to take such other measures as might seem most likely to establish peace and good order in the country. The royal commissioners embarked in the British fleet, and in July arrived at Boston.

They were not wanted at Boston. The people of Massachusetts knew very well that the establishment of this supreme judgeship in their midst was a flagrant violation of their chartered right of self-government. Before the commissioners landed the patent was put into the hands of a committee for safe-keeping. A decree of the general court forbade the citizens to answer any summons issued by the royal judges. A powerful letter, full of loyalty and manly protests, was sent directly to the king. The commissioners became disgusted with the treatment which they received at the hands of the refractory colony, and repaired to Maine and New Hampshire. Here they were met with some marks of favor; but their official acts were disregarded and soon forgotten. In Rhode Island the judges were received with great respect, and their decisions accepted as the decisions of the king. The towns of Connecticut were next visited; but the people were cold and indifferent, and the commissioners retired. Meanwhile, the English monarch, learning how his grand judges had been treated, sent a message of recall, and before the end of the year they gladly left

the country. After a gallant fight, Massachusetts had preserved her liberties. Left in the peaceable enjoyment of her civil rights, she entered upon a new career of prosperity which, for a period of ten years, was marked with no calamity.

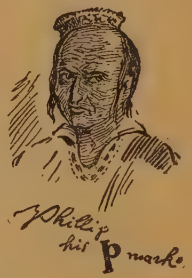
CHAPTER III

MASSACHUSETTS.—KING PHILIP'S WAR

MASSASOIT, the old sachem of the Wampanoags, died in 1662. For forty-one years he had faithfully kept the treaty made by himself with the first settlers at Plymouth. His elder son, Alexander, now became chief of the nation, but died within the year; and the chieftainship descended to the younger brother, Philip of Mount Hope. It was the fate of this brave and able man to lead his people in a final and hopeless struggle against the supremacy of the whites.

The unwary natives of New England had sold their lands. The English were the purchasers; the chiefs had signed the deeds; the price had been fairly paid. Year by year the territory of the tribes had narrowed; the old men died, but the deeds remained and the lands could not be recovered. The young warriors sighed for the freedom of their fathers' hunting-grounds. They looked with ever-increasing jealousy on the growth of

English villages and the spread of English farms. The ring of the foreigner's ax had scared the game out of the forest, and the foreigners' net had scooped the fishes from the Red man's river. Of all their ancient domain, the Wampanoags had nothing left but the two narrow peninsulas of Bristol and Tiverton, on the eastern coast of Narragansett Bay.



King Philip and His Mark

Perhaps King Philip, if left to himself, would have still sought peace. He was not a rash man, and clearly foresaw the inevitable issue of the struggle. But the young men of the tribe could no longer be restrained. The women and children were hastily sent across the bay and put under the protection of Canonchet, king of the Narragansetts. On the 24th of June, 1675, the village of Swansea was attacked; eight Englishmen were killed; and the alarm of war sounded through the colonies.

Within a week the militia of Plymouth, joined by volunteer companies from Boston, entered the enemy's country. A few Indians were overtaken and killed. The troops marched into the peninsula of Bristol, reached Mount Hope, and compelled Philip to fly for his life. With a band of fugitives numbering five or six hundred, he escaped to Tiverton, on the eastern side of the bay. The place was then surrounded and besieged for two weeks; but Philip and his men managed to escape

in the night, crossed the bay, and fled to the country of the Nipmucks, in Central Massachusetts. Here the king and his warriors became the heralds of a general war. The slumbering hatred of the savages was easily kindled into open hostility. For a whole year the scattered settlements of the frontier were a scene of burning, massacre, and desolation.

The war was now transferred to the Connecticut valley. It had been hoped that the Nipmucks would remain loyal to the English; but the influence of the exiled chieftain prevailed with them to take up arms. As usual with savages, treachery was added to hostility. Captains Wheeler and Hutchinson, with a company of twenty men, were sent to Brookfield to hold a conference with ambassadors from the Nipmuck nation. Instead of preparing for the council, the Indians laid an ambush near the village, and when the English were well surrounded, fired upon them, killing nearly the whole company. A few survivors, escaping to the settlement, gave the alarm, and the people fled to their block-house just in time to save their lives.

For two days the place was assailed with every missile that savage ingenuity could invent. Finally, the house was fired with burning arrows, and the destruction of all seemed certain; but just as the roof began to blaze, the friendly clouds poured down a shower of rain, and the flames were extinguished. Then came re-enforcements from Springfield, and the Indians fled. The people of Brook-

field now abandoned their homes and sought refuge in the towns along the river. On the 26th of August, a battle was fought in the outskirts of Deerfield. The whites were successful; but a few days afterward the savages succeeded in firing the village, and the greater part of it was burned to the ground. A storehouse containing the recently gathered harvests was saved, and Captain Lathrop, with a company of eighty picked men, undertook the dangerous task of removing the stores to Hadley. A train of wagons, loaded with wheat and corn and guarded by the soldiers, left Deerfield on the 18th of September, and had proceeded five miles, when they were suddenly surrounded by eight hundred Indians, who lay in ambush at the ford of a small creek. The whites fought desperately, and were killed almost to a man. Meanwhile, Captain Mosely, at the head of seventy militia, arrived, and the battle continued, the English retreating until they were re-enforced by a band of a hundred and sixty English and Mohegans. The savages were then beaten back with heavy losses. The little stream where this fatal engagement occurred, was henceforth called Bloody Brook.

On the same day of the burning of Deerfield, Hadley was attacked while the people were at church. Everything was in confusion, and the barbarians had already begun their work of butchery, when the gray-haired General Goffe, who was concealed in the village, rushed forth from his covert, and by rallying and directing the flying peo-

ple saved them from destruction. After the Indians had been driven into the woods, the aged veteran went back to his hiding-place, and was seen no more. Late in the autumn, a battle was fought at Springfield; the town was assaulted and most of the dwellings burned. Another attack was made on Hadley, and a large part of the village was left in ashes. Hatfield was the next object of savage vengeance; but here the English were found prepared, and the Indians were repulsed with heavy losses. The farms and the weaker settlements were now abandoned, and the people sought shelter in the stronger towns near the river.

Philip, finding that he could do no further harm on the northern frontier, gathered his warriors together and repaired to the Narragansetts. By receiving them, Canonchet openly violated his treaty with the English, but to refuse them was contrary to the savage virtues of his race. To share the dubious fate of Philip was preferred to the longer continuance of a hateful alliance with foreigners. The authorities of Massachusetts immediately declared war against the Narragansett nation, and Rhode Island was invaded by a thousand men under command of Colonel Josiah Winslow. It was the determination to crush the Wampanoags and the Narragansetts at one blow; the manner of defense adopted by the savages favored such an undertaking. On an elevation in the middle of an immense cedar swamp, a short distance southwest of Kingston, the Indians col-

lected to the number of three thousand. A fort was built on the island, and fortified with a palisade and a breastwork of felled timber. Here the savages believed themselves secure from assault. The English regiment arrived at the swamp at daybreak on the 19th of December, and struggling through the bogs, reached the fort at noonday. The attack was made immediately. The work of death and destruction began in earnest. The wigwams were set on fire, and the kindling flames swept around the village. The yells of the combatants mingled with the roar of the conflagration. But the superior discipline and valor of the whites soon decided the battle. The Indians, attempting to escape from the burning fort, ran everywhere upon the loaded muskets of the English. A thousand warriors were killed and hundreds more were captured. Nearly all the wounded perished in the flames. There, too, the old men, the women, and babes of the nation met the horrors of death by fire. The pride of the Narragansetts had perished in a day. But the victory was dearly purchased; eighty English soldiers, including six captains of the regiment, were killed, and a hundred and fifty others were wounded.

A few of the savages, breaking through the English lines, escaped. Led by Philip, they again repaired to the Nipmucks, and with the opening of spring the war was renewed with more violence than ever. As their fortunes declined the Indians grew desperate; they had nothing more to lose.

Around three hundred miles of frontier, extending from Maine to the mouth of the Connecticut, were massacre and devastation. Lancaster, Medfield, Groton, and Marlborough were laid in ashes.

But the end was near at hand. The resources of the savages were exhausted, and their numbers grew daily less. In April, Canonchet was overtaken and captured on the banks of the Blackstone. He was offered his life if he would procure a treaty of peace; but the haughty chieftain rejected the proposal with disdain, and was put to death. Philip was still at large, but his company had dwindled to a handful. In the early summer, his wife and son were made prisoners; the latter was sold as a slave, and ended his life under the lash of a taskmaster in the Bermudas. The savage monarch was heartbroken now, and cared no longer for his life. Repairing secretly to his old home at Mount Hope, his place of concealment was revealed to the whites. A company of soldiers was sent to surround him. A treacherous Indian guided the party to the spot, and then himself, stealing nearer, took a deadly aim at the breast of his chieftain. The report of a musket rang through the forest, and the painted king of the Wampanoags sprang forward and fell dead.

New England suffered terribly in this war. The expenses and losses of the war amounted to fully five hundred thousand dollars. Thirteen towns and six hundred dwellings lay smoldering in ashes. Almost every family had heard the war-

whoop of the savages. Six hundred men, the flower and pride of the country, had fallen in the field. Hundreds of families had been butchered in cold blood. Gray-haired sire, mother, and babe had sunk together under the vengeful blow of the Red man's gory tomahawk. Now there was peace again. The Indian race was swept out of New England. The tribes beyond the Connecticut came humbly submissive, and pleaded for their lives. The colonists returned to their desolated farms and villages to build new homes in the ashes of old ruins.

The echo of King Philip's war had hardly died away before the country was involved in troubles of a different sort.

For some years the English king had looked with jealous eye on the growing importance of Massachusetts. There were various causes for this: In 1661, the General Court had issued a Declaration of Rights which displeased the arbitrary king; the colony did not strictly observe the Navigation laws; it refused to surrender Whalley and Goffe, the regicides; it had shown its independence in the purchase of Maine of the heirs of Gorges. All these things were distasteful to Charles II., and would have borne their evil fruit earlier but for the war between England and Holland. This war being over, Charles determined, not only to punish Massachusetts, but also to revoke the charters of all the New England colonies and to place them, with New York and New Jersey, under a single royal government.

To this end the King sent Edward Randolph in 1676 to look after the royal interests, to build up a more liberal party with Tory leanings, and to report the general condition to his royal master. Randolph succeeded in some degree in building up a moderate party in Massachusetts; but his report on his return to London of the prevalent spirit of liberty in the colony only spurred King Charles to more vigorous action. Charles accordingly directed his judges to make an inquiry as to whether Massachusetts had not forfeited her charter. The proceedings were protracted until the summer of 1684, when the royal court gave a decision in accordance with the monarch's wishes. The patent was forfeited, said the judges; and the English crown might justly assume entire control of the colony. The plan of the king was thus on the point of realization, but the shadow of death was already at his door. On the 6th of February, 1685, his evil reign of twenty-five years ended with his life.

The new sovereign, James II., immediately adopted his brother's colonial policy. In the next year after his accession, the scheme so long entertained was successfully carried out. The charter of Massachusetts was formally revoked; all the colonies between Nova Scotia and Narragansett Bay were consolidated, and Joseph Dudley appointed president. New England was not prepared for open resistance; the colonial assembly was dissolved by its own act, and the members returned sullenly to their homes. In the winter

following, Dudley was superseded by Sir Edmund Andros, who had been appointed royal governor of all New England. His commission ought to have been entitled An Article for the Destruction of Colonial Liberty. If James II. had searched his kingdom, he could hardly have found a tool better fitted to do his will. The scarlet-coated despot landed at Boston on the 20th of December, and at once began the work of demolishing the cherished institutions of the people. Popular representation was abolished. Voting by ballot was prohibited. Town meetings were forbidden. The Church of England was openly encouraged. The public schools were allowed to go to ruin. Men were arrested without warrant of law; and when as prisoners they arose in court to plead the privileges of the great English charter, which had stood unquestioned for four hundred and fifty years, they were told that the Great Charter was not made for the perverse people of America. Dudley, who had been continued in office as chief-justice, was in the habit of saying to his packed juries, at the close of each trial: "Now, worthy gentlemen, we expect a good verdict from you to-day"; and the verdicts were rendered accordingly.

Thus did Massachusetts lose her liberty; and Plymouth fared no better. If the stronger colony fell prostrate, what could the weaker do? The despotism of Andros was quickly extended from Cape Cod Bay to the Piscataqua. New Hampshire was next invaded and her civil rights completely overthrown. Rhode Island suffered the

same calamity. In May of 1686 her charter was taken away with a writ, and her constitutional rights subverted. Attended by an armed guard, Andros proceeded to Connecticut. Arriving at Hartford in October of 1687, he found the assembly of the province in session, and demanded the surrender of the colonial charter. The instrument was brought in and laid upon the table, tradition informs us. A spirited debate ensued, and continued until evening. When it was about to be decided that the charter should be given up, the lamps were suddenly dashed out. Other lights were brought in; but the charter had disappeared. Joseph Wadsworth, snatching up the precious parchment, bore it off through the darkness and concealed it in a hollow tree, ever afterward remembered with affection as The Charter Oak. But the assembly was overawed and the free government of Connecticut subverted. Thus was the authority of Andros established throughout the country. The people gave vent to their feelings by calling him The Tyrant of New England.

But his dominion ended suddenly. The English Revolution of 1688 was at hand. James II. was driven from his throne and kingdom. The entire system of arbitrary rule which that monarch had established fell with a crash, and Andros with the rest. The news of the revolution reached Boston on the 4th of April, 1689. On the 18th of the month, the citizens of Charlestown and Boston rose in open rebellion. Andros and his minions, attempting to escape, were seized and marched to

prison. The insurrection spread through the country; and before the 10th of May every colony in New England had restored its former liberties.

CHAPTER IV

MASSACHUSETTS.—WAR AND WITCHCRAFT

In 1689, war was declared between France and England. This conflict, known in American history as King William's War, grew out of the English Revolution of the preceding year. When James II. escaped from his kingdom, he found refuge at the court of Louis XIV. of France. The two monarchs were both Catholics, and both held the same despotic theory of government. Louis agreed to support James in his effort to recover the English throne. Parliament, meanwhile, had settled the crown on William of Orange. By these means the new sovereign was brought into conflict not only with the exiled James, but also with his confederate, the king of France. The war which thus originated in Europe soon extended to the American colonies of the two nations.

The struggle began on the northeastern frontier of New Hampshire. On the 27th of June, a party of Indians in alliance with the French made an attack on Dover. The venerable magistrate of the town, Richard Waldron, now eighty years of age, was inhumanly murdered. Twenty-three

others were killed, and twenty-nine dragged off captive into the wilderness.

In August a war-party of a hundred Abenakis embarked in a fleet of canoes, floated out of the mouth of the Penobscot, and steered down the coast to Pemaquid, now Bremen. The inhabitants were taken by surprise; a company of farmers were surrounded in the harvest-field and murdered. The fort was besieged for two days and compelled to surrender. A few of the people escaped into the woods, but the greater number were killed or carried away captive. A month later an alliance was effected between the English and the powerful Mohawks west of the Hudson; but the Indians refused to make war upon their countrymen of Maine. The Dutch settlements of New Netherland, having now passed under the dominion of England, made common cause against the French.

In January of 1690 a regiment of French and Indians left Montreal and directed their march to the south. Crossing the Mohawk River, they arrived on the 8th of February at the village of Schenectady. Lying concealed in the forest until midnight, they stole through the unguarded gates, raised the war-whoop, and began the work of death. The town was soon in flames. Sixty people were killed and scalped; the rest, escaping half-clad into the darkness, ran sixteen miles through the snow to Albany. The settlement of Salmon Falls, on the Piscataqua, was next attacked and destroyed.

New England and New York were now thoroughly aroused. In order to provide the ways and means of war, a colonial congress was convened at New York. Here it was resolved to attempt the conquest of Canada by marching an army by way of Lake Champlain against Montreal. At the same time, Massachusetts was to co-operate with the land forces by sending a fleet by way of the St. Lawrence for the reduction of Quebec. Thirty-four vessels, carrying two thousand troops, were accordingly fitted out, and the command given to Sir William Phipps. Proceeding first against Port Royal, he compelled a surrender; the whole of Nova Scotia submitted without a struggle. If the commander had sailed at once against Quebec, that place too would have been forced to capitulate; but vexatious delays retarded the expedition. The opportunity was lost, and it only remained for Phipps to sail back to Boston. To meet the expenses of this unfortunate expedition, Massachusetts was obliged to issue bills of credit, which were made a legal tender in the payment of debt. Such was the origin of Paper Money in America.

Meanwhile, the land forces had proceeded from Albany as far as Lake Champlain. Here dissensions arose among the commanders. The quarrel became so violent that the expedition had to be abandoned, and the troops marched gloomily homeward.

Sir William Phipps had as little success in civil matters as in the command of a fleet. Shortly after his return from Quebec he was sent as am-

bassador to England. One object of his mission was to secure, if possible, a reissue of the old colonial charter. He was met with coldness and refusal. King William was secretly opposed to the liberal provisions of the former charter, and looked with disfavor on the project of renewing it. It is even doubtful whether Phipps himself desired the restoration of the old patent; for when he returned to Boston in the spring of 1692, he bore a new instrument from the king, and a commission as royal governor of the province. By the terms of this new constitution, Plymouth, Maine, and Nova Scotia were consolidated with Massachusetts; while New Hampshire, against the protests and petitions of her people, was forcibly separated from the mother colony.

The war still continued, but without decisive results. In 1694, the village of Oyster River, now Durham, was destroyed by a band of savages. The inhabitants, to the number of ninety-four, were either killed or carried into captivity. Two years later the English fortress at Pemaquid was a second time surrendered to the French and Indians. In the following March, the town of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, was captured under circumstances of special atrocity. Nearly forty persons were butchered in cold blood; only a few were spared for captivity. Among the latter was Mrs. Hannah Dustin. Her child, only a week old, was snatched out of her arms and dashed against a tree. The heartbroken mother, with her nurse and a lad named Leonardson, from Worces-

ter, was taken by the savages to an island in the Merrimac, a short distance above Concord. Here, while their captors, twelve in number, were asleep at night, the three prisoners arose, silently armed themselves with tomahawks, and with one deadly blow after another crushed in the temples of the sleeping savages, until ten of them lay still in death; then, embarking in a canoe, the captives dropped down the river and reached the English settlement in safety. Mrs. Dustin carried home with her the gun and tomahawk of the savage who had destroyed her family, and a bag containing the scalps of her neighbors.

But the war was already at an end. Early in 1697, commissioners of France and England assembled at the town of Ryswick, in Holland; and on the 10th of the following September, a treaty of peace was concluded. King William was acknowledged as the rightful sovereign of England, and the colonial boundary-lines of the two nations in America were established as before.

Massachusetts had in the meantime been visited with a worse calamity than war. The darkest page in the history of New England is that which bears the record of the Salem Witchcraft. The same town which fifty-seven years previously had cast out Roger Williams was now to become the scene of the most fatal delusion of modern times. In February of 1692, in that part of Salem afterward called Danvers, a daughter and a niece of Samuel Parris, the minister, were attacked with a nervous disorder which rendered them partially

insane. Parris believed, or affected to believe, that the two girls were bewitched, and that Tituba, an Indian maidservant of the household, was the author of the affliction. He had seen her performing some of the rude ceremonies of her own religion, and this gave color to his suspicions. He tied Tituba, and whipped the ignorant creature until, at his own dictation, she confessed herself a witch. Here, no doubt, the matter would have ended had not other causes existed for the continuance and spread of the miserable delusion.

But Parris had had a quarrel in his church. A part of the congregation desired that George Burroughs, a former minister, should be reinstated, to the exclusion of Parris. Burroughs still lived at Salem; and there was great animosity between the partisans of the former and the present pastor. Burroughs disbelieved in witchcraft, and openly expressed his contempt of the system. Here, then, Parris found an opportunity to turn the confessions of the foolish Indian servant against his enemies, to overwhelm his rival with the superstitions of the community.

But there were others ready to aid him. First among these was the celebrated Cotton Mather, minister of Boston. He, being in high repute for wisdom, had recently preached much on the subject of witchcraft, teaching the people that witches were dangerous and ought to be put to death. He thus became the natural confederate of Parris, and the chief author of the terrible scenes that ensued. Sir William Phipps, the royal governor, who had

just arrived from England, was a member of Mather's church.

By the laws of England witchcraft was punishable with death. The code of Massachusetts was the same as that of the mother-country. A special court was accordingly appointed by Governor Phipps to go to Salem and to sit in judgment on the persons accused by Parris. Stoughton, the deputy-governor, was the presiding judge; Parris himself the prosecutor, and Cotton Mather a kind of bishop to decide when the testimony was sufficient to condemn.

On the 21st of March, the horrible proceedings began. Mary Cory was arrested, not indeed for being a witch, but for denying the reality of witchcraft. When brought before the church and court, she denied all guilt, but was convicted and hurried to prison. Sarah Cloyce and Rebecca Nurse, two sisters of the most exemplary lives, were next apprehended as witches. The only witnesses against them were Tituba, her half-witted Indian husband, and the simple girl, Abigail Williams, the niece of Parris. The victims were sent to prison, protesting their innocence. Giles Cory, a patriarch of eighty years, was next seized; he also was one of those who had opposed Parris. The Indian accuser fell down before Edward Bishop, pretending to be in a fit under satanic influence; the sturdy farmer cured him instantly with a sound flogging, and said that he could restore the rest of the afflicted in the same manner. He and his wife were immediately arrested and condemned.

George Burroughs, the rival of Parris, was accused and hurried to prison. And so the work went on, until seventy-five innocent people were locked up in dungeons. Not a solitary partisan of Parris or Mather had been arrested.

In the hope of saving their lives, some of the terrified prisoners now began to confess themselves witches, or bewitched. It was soon found that a confession was almost certain to procure liberation. It became evident that the accused were to be put to death, not for being witches or wizards, but for denying the reality of witchcraft. The special court was already in session; convictions followed fast; the gallows stood waiting for its victims. When the noble Burroughs mounted the scaffold, he stood composedly and repeated correctly the test-prayer which it was said no wizard could utter. The people broke into sobs and moans, and would have rescued their friend from death; but the tyrant Mather dashed among them on horseback, muttering imprecations, and drove the hangman to his horrid work. Old Giles Cory, seeing that conviction was certain, refused to plead, *and was pressed to death.* Five women were hanged in one day. Between the 10th of June and the 22d of September, twenty victims were hurried to their doom. Fifty-five others had been tortured into the confession of abominable falsehoods. A hundred and fifty lay in prison awaiting their fate. Two hundred were accused or suspected, and ruin seemed to impend over New England. But a reaction at last set in among the

people. Notwithstanding the vociferous clamor and denunciations of Mather, the witch tribunals were overthrown. The representative assembly convened early in October, and the hated court which Phipps had appointed to sit at Salem was at once dismissed. The spell was dissolved. The thralldom of the popular mind was broken. The prison doors were opened, and the victims of malice and superstition went forth free. In the beginning of the next year a few persons charged with witchcraft were again arraigned and brought before the courts. Some were even convicted, but the conviction went for nothing; not another life was sacrificed to passion and fanaticism.

Most of those who had participated in the terrible deeds of the preceding summer confessed the great wrong which they had done; but confessions could not restore the dead. The bigoted Mather, in a vain attempt to justify himself before the world, wrote a treatise in which he expressed his great thankfulness that so many witches had met their just doom. Far nobler was the confession of Judge Sewall for the part he had taken in condemning the innocent. Publicly he confessed that he had been in the wrong and he begged the people to pray " that God might not visit his sin upon him, his family, or upon the land."

CHAPTER V

MASSACHUSETTS.—WARS OF ANNE AND GEORGE

THE peace which followed the treaty of Ryswick was of short duration. Within less than four years France and England were again involved in a conflict which, beginning in Europe, soon extended to the American colonies. In the year 1700, Charles II., king of Spain, died, having named as his successor Philip of Anjou, a grandson of Louis XIV. This measure pointed clearly to a union of the crowns of France and Spain. The jealousy of all Europe was aroused; a league was formed between England, Holland, and Austria; the archduke Charles of the latter country was put forward by the allied powers as a candidate for the Spanish throne; and war was declared against Louis XIV. for supporting the claims of Philip.

England had against France another cause of offense. In September of 1701, James II., the exiled king of Great Britain, died at the court of Louis, who now, in violation of the treaty of Ryswick, recognized the son of James as the rightful sovereign of England. This action was regarded as an open insult to English nationality. King William led his armies to the field not less to thwart the ambition of France than to save his own crown and kingdom. But the English monarch did not live to carry out his plans. While

yet the war was hardly begun, the king fell from his horse, was attacked with fever, and died in May of 1702. Parliament had already settled the crown on Anne, the sister-in-law of William and daughter of James II. The new sovereign adopted the policy of her predecessor. The war that followed lasted for nearly thirteen years. It was known in America as Queen Anne's War; in England it was called the War of the Spanish Succession.

In America the field of operations was limited to New England and South Carolina. The central colonies were scarcely aware that war existed. The military operations of both parties were conducted in a feeble and desultory manner. The more influential Indian tribes held aloof from the struggle. In August, 1701, the powerful Five Nations, whose dominions south of Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence formed a barrier between Canada and New York, made a treaty of neutrality with both the French and the English. The Abenakis of Maine did the same; but the French prevailed with the latter to break their compact. The first notice of treachery which the English had, was a fearful massacre. In one day the whole country between the town of Wells and the Bay of Casco was given up to burning and butchery.

In midwinter of 1703-4 the town of Deerfield was destroyed. A war-party of three hundred French and Indians, setting out from Canada, marched on the snow-crust into the Connecticut

valley. On the last night of February, the savages lay in the pine forest that surrounded the ill-fated village. Just before daybreak they rushed from their covert and fired the houses. Forty-seven of the inhabitants were tomahawked. A hundred and twelve were dragged into captivity. The prisoners, many of them women and children, were obliged to march to Canada. The snow lay four feet deep. The poor wretches, haggard with fear and starvation, sank down and died. Eunice Williams, the minister's wife, fainted by the wayside; in the presence of her husband and five captive children, her brains were dashed out with a tomahawk. Those who survived to the end of the journey were afterward ransomed and permitted to return to their desolated homes. A daughter of Mr. Williams remained with the savages, grew up among the Mohawks, married a chieftain, and in after years returned in Indian garb to Deerfield. No entreaties could induce her to remain with her friends. The solitude of the woods and the society of her tawny husband had prevailed over the charms of civilization.

Indians in Ambush

In Maine and New Hampshire the war was marked with similar barbarities. Farms were devastated; towns were burned; the inhabitants were murdered or carried to Canada. Prowling bands of savages, led on by French officers, penetrated at times into the heart of Massachusetts.

In 1707, the reduction of Port Royal was undertaken by Massachusetts. A fleet, bearing a thousand soldiers, was equipped and sent against the town. But Baron Castin, who commanded the French garrison, conducted the defense with so much skill that the English were obliged to abandon the undertaking. From this costly and disastrous expedition Massachusetts gained nothing but discouragement and debt. Nevertheless, after two years of preparation, the enterprise was renewed; and in 1710 an English and American fleet of thirty-six vessels, having on board four regiments of troops, anchored before Port Royal. The garrison was weak, and after a feeble defense of eleven days, the place surrendered at discretion. By this conquest all of Nova Scotia passed under the dominion of the English. The flag of Great Britain was hoisted over the conquered fortress, and the name of Port Royal gave place to Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne.

Vast preparations were now made for the invasion of Canada. A land force under command of General Nicholson was to march against Montreal, while Quebec, the key to the French dominions in America, was to be reduced by an English fleet. For this purpose fifteen men-of-

war and forty transports were placed under command of Sir Hovenden Walker. Seven regiments of veterans, selected from the armies of Europe, were added to the colonial forces and sent with the expedition. But for the utter incompetency of the admiral, success would have been assured.

For six weeks in midsummer the great fleet lay idly in Boston Harbor. Sir Hovenden was getting ready to sail. The Abenaki Indians carried the news leisurely to Quebec; and every day added to the strength of the ramparts. At last, on the 30th of July, when no further excuse could be invented, the ships set sail for the St. Lawrence. Proceeding slowly up the St. Lawrence, the fleet, on the 22d of August, was enveloped in a thick fog. The wind blew hard from the east. The commander was cautioned to remain on deck, but went quietly to bed. A messenger aroused him just in time to see eight of his best vessels dashed to pieces on the rocks. Eight hundred and eighty-four men went down in the foaming whirlpools. A council of war was held, and all voted that it was impossible to proceed. In a letter to the English government, Walker expressed great gratitude that by the loss of a thousand men the rest had been saved *from freezing to death at Quebec.* The fleet sailed back to England, and the colonial troops were disbanded at Boston.

Meanwhile, the army of General Nicholson had marched against Montreal. But when news arrived of the failure of the fleet, the land expedi-

tion was also abandoned. The dallying cowardice of Walker had brought the campaign of 1711 to a shameful end. France had already made overtures for peace. Negotiations were formally begun in the early part of 1712; and on the 11th of April in the following year a treaty was concluded at Utrecht, a town of Holland. By the terms of the settlement, England obtained control of the fisheries of Newfoundland. Labrador, the Bay of Hudson, and the whole of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, were ceded to Great Britain.

For thirty-one years after the close of Queen Anne's war, Massachusetts was free from hostile invasion. This was not, however, a period of public tranquillity. The people were dissatisfied with the royal government which King William had established, and were at constant variance with their governors. The opposition to the royal officers took the form of a controversy about their salaries. The general assembly insisted that the governor and his councilors should be paid in proportion to the importance of their several offices, and for actual service only. But the royal commissions gave to each officer a fixed salary, which was frequently out of all proportion to the services rendered. After many years of antagonism, the difficulty was finally adjusted with a compromise in which the advantage was wholly on the side of the people. It was agreed that the salaries of the governor and his assistants should be annually allowed, and the amount fixed by vote of the assembly. The representatives of popular liberty had

once more triumphed over the principles of arbitrary rule.

On the death of Charles VI. of Austria, in 1740, there were two principal claimants to the crown of the empire—Maria Theresa, daughter of the late emperor, and Charles Albert of Bavaria. Each claimant had his party and his army; war followed; and nearly all the nations of Europe were swept into the conflict. As usually happened in such struggles, England and France were arrayed against each other. The contest that ensued is generally known as the War of the Austrian Succession, but in American history is called King George's War; for George II. was now king of England.

In America the only important event of the war was the capture of Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island. This place had been fortified at vast expense by the French. Standing at the principal entrance to the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, the fortress was regarded as a key to the Canadian provinces. New England was quick to note that both Newfoundland and Nova Scotia were threatened so long as the French flag floated over Louisburg. Governor Shirley brought the matter before the legislature of Massachusetts, and it was resolved to attempt the capture of the enemy's stronghold.

The other colonies were invited to aid the enterprise. Connecticut responded by sending more than five hundred troops; New Hampshire and Rhode Island each furnished three hundred; a

park of artillery was sent from New York; and Pennsylvania contributed a supply of provisions. The forces of Massachusetts alone numbered more than three thousand. Everything devolved on the army and navy of New England, but there was no quailing under the responsibility. William Pepperell, of Maine, was appointed commander-in-chief; and on the 4th of April, 1745, the fleet sailed for Cape Breton.

Meanwhile Commodore Warren, with an English fleet in the West Indies, was instructed to join Pepperell and aid in the capture of Louisburg. He did so on April 23 in Nova Scotia waters, and on the last day of the month the armament, now numbering a hundred vessels, entered the Bay of Gabarus in sight of Louisburg. A landing was effected four miles below the city. On the next day a company of four hundred volunteers marched across the peninsula and attacked a French battery which had been planted on the shore two miles beyond the town. The French, struck with terror at the impetuosity of the unexpected charge, spiked their guns and fled. Before morning the cannon were redrilled and turned upon the fortress. An attack in the rear of the fort seemed impossible on account of a large swamp which lay in that direction; but the resolute soldiers of New England lashed their heavy guns upon sledges, and dragged them through the marsh to a tract of solid ground within two hundred yards of the enemy's bastions. Notwithstanding the advantage of this position, the walls

of the fort stood firm, and the siege progressed slowly.

On the 18th of May a French ship of sixty-four guns, laden with stores, was captured by Warren's fleet, right in view of the hungry garrison. The French were greatly discouraged by this event, and the defense grew feeble. The English were correspondingly elated with the prospect of success. On the 26th of the month an effort was made to capture the French battery in the harbor. A company of daring volunteers undertook the hazardous enterprise by night. Embarking in boats, they drew near the island where the battery was planted, but were discovered and repulsed with the loss of a hundred and seventy-six men. It was now determined to carry the town by storm. The assault was set for the 18th of June; but on the day previous the desponding garrison sent out a flag of truce; terms of capitulation were proposed and accepted, and the English flag rose above the conquered fortress.

By the terms of this surrender not only Louisburg, but the whole of Cape Breton, was given up to England. The rejoicing at Boston and throughout the colonies was only equaled by the indignation and alarm of the French government. Louisburg must be retaken at all hazards, said the ministers of France. For this purpose a powerful fleet, under command of Duke d'Anville, was sent out in the following year. Before reaching America the duke died of a pestilence. His successor went mad and killed himself. Storms and ship-

wrecks and disasters drove the ill-fated expedition to utter ruin. The renewal of the enterprise, in 1747, was attended with like misfortune. Commodores Warren and Anson overtook the French squadron and compelled a humiliating surrender.

In 1748, a treaty of peace was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, a town of Western Germany. After eight years of devastating warfare, nothing was gained but a mutual restoration of conquests. By the terms of settlement, Cape Breton was surrendered to France. With grief and shame the fishermen and farmers of New England saw the island which had been subdued by their valor restored to their enemies. Of all the disputed boundary-lines between the French and English colonies in America, not a single one was settled by this treaty. The real war between France and England for colonial supremacy in the West was yet to be fought. Within six years after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the two great powers were involved in the final and decisive conflict.

The history of Massachusetts has now been traced through a period of a hundred and thirty years. A few words on the Character of the Puritans may be appropriately added. They were in the beginning a vigorous and hardy people, firm-set in the principles of honesty and the practices of virtue. They were sober, industrious, frugal; resolute, zealous, and steadfast. They esteemed honor above preferment, and truth more than riches. Loving home and native land, they left both for the sake of free-

dom; and finding freedom, they cherished it with the zeal and devotion of martyrs. Without influence, they became influential; without encouragement, great. Despised and mocked and hated, they rose above their revilers. In the school of evil fortune they gained the discipline of patience. Suffering without cause brought resignation without despair. Themselves the victims of persecution, they became the founders of a colony—a commonwealth—a nation. They were the children of adversity and the fathers of renown.

The gaze of the Puritan was turned ever to posterity. He believed in the future. His affections and hopes were with the coming ages. For his children he toiled and sacrificed; for them the energies of his life were cheerfully exhausted. The system of free schools is the enduring monument of his love and devotion. The printing-press is his memorial. Almshouses and asylums are the tokens of his care for the unfortunate. With him the outcast found sympathy, and the wanderer a home. He was the earliest champion of civil rights, and the builder of the Union.

The fathers of New England have been accused of bigotry. The charge is true: it is the background of the picture. In matters of religion they were intolerant and superstitious. Their religious faith was gloomy and foreboding. Human life was deemed a sad and miserable journey. To be mistaken was to sin. To fail in trifling ceremonies was reckoned a grievous crime. In the shadow of such belief the people became austere and melan-

choly. Escaping from the splendid formality of the Episcopal Church, they set up a colder and severer form of worship; and the form was made like iron. Dissenters themselves, they could not tolerate the dissent of others. To restrain and punish error seemed right and necessary. Williams and Hutchinson were banished; the Quakers were persecuted and the witches hanged. But Puritanism contained within itself the power to correct its own abuses. The evils of the system may well be forgotten in the glory of its achievements.

CHAPTER VI

CONNECTICUT

THE founding of Connecticut as a separate English colony properly dates from 1636, when the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Newtown, now Cambridge, migrated with his congregation to the valley of the Connecticut and settled at Hartford. The Dutch had built a fort at this spot as early as 1623 and the Plymouth people, ten years later, established a post at Windsor. But as the Dutch and the Pilgrims were not numerous, the newcomers from the vicinity of Boston were soon in the ascendency and became the leaders in the new colony, settling Windsor and Wethersfield in addition to Hartford.

In the year 1635 the younger Winthrop, a man who in all the virtues of a noble life was a worthy rival of his father, the governor of Massachusetts, arrived in New England. He bore a commission from the proprietors of the Western colony to build a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and to prevent the further encroachments of the Dutch. The fortress was hastily completed and the guns mounted just in time to prevent the entrance of a Dutch trading-vessel which appeared at the mouth of the river. Such was the founding of Saybrook, so named in honor of the proprietors, Lords Say-and-Seal and Brooke, to whom a tract had been granted by the Council for New England. Thus was the most important river of New England brought under the dominion of the Puritans; the solitary Dutch settlement at Hartford was cut off from succor and left to dwindle into insignificance.

To the early annals of Connecticut belongs the sad story of the Pequod War. The country west of the Thames was more thickly peopled with savages than any other portion of New England. The haughty and warlike Pequods were alone able to muster seven hundred warriors. The whole effective force of the English colonists did not amount to two hundred men. But the superior numbers of the cunning and revengeful savages were more than balanced by the better discipline and destructive weapons of the English.

The war began with the murder of the captain of a trading vessel by the Indians, in violation of

a treaty with the English. A company of militia pursued the perpetrators of the outrage and gave them a bloody punishment. All the slumbering hatred and suppressed rage of the nation burst forth, and the war began in earnest.

In this juncture of affairs the Pequods attempted a piece of dangerous diplomacy. A persistent effort was made to induce the Narragansetts and the Mohegans to join in a war of extermination against the English; and the plot was well-nigh successful. But the heroic Roger Williams, faithful in his misfortunes, sent a letter to Sir Henry Vane, governor of Massachusetts, warned him of the impending danger, and volunteered his services to defeat the conspiracy. The governor replied, urging Williams to use his utmost endeavors to thwart the threatened alliance. Embarking alone in a frail canoe, the exile left Providence, which he had founded only a month before, and drifted out into Narragansett Bay. Every moment it seemed that the poor little boat with its lonely passenger would be swallowed up; but his courage and skill as an oarsman at last brought him to the shore in safety. Proceeding at once to the house of Canonicus, king of the Narragansetts, he found the painted and bloody ambassadors of the Pequods already there. For three days and nights, at the deadly peril of his life, he pleaded with Canonicus and Miantonomoh to reject the proposals of the hostile tribe, and to stand fast in their allegiance to the English. His noble efforts were successful; the wavering Narra-

gansetts voted to remain at peace, and the disappointed Pequod chiefs were sent away.

The Mohegans also rejected the proposed alliance. Uncas, the sachem of that nation, not only remained faithful to the whites, but furnished a party of warriors to aid them against the Pequods. In the meantime, repeated acts of violence had aroused the colony to vengeance. During the winter of 1636-37 many murders were committed in the neighborhood of Saybrook. On the 1st day of May the three towns of Connecticut declared war. Sixty gallant volunteers—one-third of the whole effective force of the colony—were put under command of Captain John Mason, of Hartford. Seventy Mohegans joined the expedition; and the thoughtful Sir Henry Vane sent Captain Underhill with twenty soldiers from Boston. In a small fleet they proceeded quietly into Narragansett Bay and anchored in the harbor of Wickford. Here the troops landed and began their march into the country of the Pequods. After one day's advance, Mason reached the cabin of Canonicus and Miantonomoh, sachems of the Narragansetts. Them he attempted to persuade to join him against the common enemy; but the wary chieftains, knowing the prowess of the Pequods, and fearing that the English might be defeated, decided to remain neutral.

On the evening of the 25th of May the troops of Connecticut came within hearing of the Pequod fort. The unsuspecting warriors spent their last night on earth in uproar and jubilee. At two

o'clock in the morning the English soldiers rose suddenly from their places of concealment and rushed forward to the fort. A dog ran howling among the wigwams, and the warriors sprang to arms, only to receive a deadly volley from the English muskets. The fearless assailants leaped over the puny palisades and began the work of death; but the savages rose on every side in such numbers that Mason's men were about to be overwhelmed. "Burn them! burn them!" shouted the captain, seizing a flaming mat and running to the windward of the cabins. "Burn them!" resounded on every side; and in a few minutes the dry wigwams were one sheet of crackling flame. The English and Mohegans hastily withdrew to the ramparts, after this cruel act. The destruction was complete and awful. Only seven warriors escaped; seven others were made prisoners. Six hundred men, women, and children perished, nearly all of them being roasted to death in a hideous heap. Before the rising of the sun the pride and glory of the Pequods had passed away forever. Sassacus, the grand sachem of the tribe, escaped into the forest, fled for protection to the Mohawks, and was murdered. Two of the English soldiers were killed and twenty others wounded in the battle.

In the early morning three hundred Pequods, the remnant of the nation, approached from a second fort in the neighborhood. They had heard the tumult of battle, and supposed their friends victorious. To their utter horror, they found their

fortified town in ashes and nearly all their proud tribe lying in one blackened pile of half-burnt flesh and bones. The savage warriors stamped the earth, yelled and tore their hair in desperate rage, and ran howling through the woods. Mason's men returned by way of New London to Saybrook, and thence to Hartford. The remnants of the hostile nation were pursued into the swamps and thickets west of Saybrook. Every wigwam of the Pequods was burned, and every field laid waste. The remaining two hundred panting fugitives were hunted to death or captivity. The first war between the English colonists and the natives had ended in the overthrow and destruction of one of the most powerful tribes of New England. For many years the other nations, when tempted to hostility, remembered the fate of the Pequods.

The founding of New Haven followed the close of the Pequod War. Some Boston men spent a winter on the shore of Long Island Sound. They explored the country and gave a glowing report of the beautiful plain between the Wallingford and West Rivers. Shortly afterward, a Puritan colony from England, under the leadership of Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport, arrived at Boston. Hearing of the beauty of the country on the sound, the new immigrants again set sail, and about the middle of April reached New Haven. On the morning of the first Sabbath after their arrival the colonists assembled for worship under a spreading oak; and Davenport, their minister, preached a touching and appropriate sermon

on The Temptation in the Wilderness. The next care was to make an honorable purchase of land from the Indians—a policy which was ever afterward faithfully adhered to by the colony. For the first year there was no government except a simple covenant, into which the settlers entered, that all would be obedient to the rules of Scripture.

In June of 1639 the leading men of New Haven held a convention *in a barn,* and formally adopted the Bible as the constitution of the State. Everything was strictly conformed to the religious standard. The government was called the House of Wisdom, of which Eaton, Davenport, and five others were the seven Pillars. None but church members were admitted to the rights of citizenship. All offices were to be filled by the votes of the freemen at an annual election. For twenty years consecutively, Mr. Eaton—first and greatest of the pillars—was chosen governor of the colony. Other settlers came, and pleasant villages sprang up on both shores of Long Island Sound.

Civil government began in Connecticut in the year 1639. Until that time the Western colonies had been subject to Massachusetts, and had scarcely thought of independence. But when the soldiers of Hartford returned victorious from the Pequod war, the exulting people began to think of a separate commonwealth. If they could fight their own battles, could they not make their own laws? Delegates from the three towns came together at Hartford, and on the 14th of January a constitution was framed for the colony. The new

instrument was one of the most simple and liberal ever adopted. An oath of allegiance to the State was the only qualification of citizenship. No recognition of the English king or of any foreign authority was required. Different religious opinions were alike tolerated and respected. All the officers of the colony were to be chosen by ballot at an annual election. The law-making power was vested in a general assembly, and the representatives were apportioned among the towns according to population. Neither Saybrook nor New Haven adopted this constitution, by which the other colonies in the valley of the Connecticut were united in a common government. In 1643, Connecticut became a member of the Union of New England. Into this confederacy New Haven was also admitted; and in the next year Saybrook was purchased of George Fenwick, one of the proprietors, and permanently annexed to Connecticut.

For some years there was a boundary dispute between Connecticut and the Dutch colony of New Netherland. A line was agreed on by both colonies in 1650; but the agreement was disturbed by a war between England and Holland, which soon followed. But while the western towns were busily preparing for war, the news of peace arrived, and hostilities were happily averted.

On the restoration of monarchy in England, Connecticut made haste to recognize King Charles as rightful sovereign. It was as much an act of sound policy as of loyal zeal. The people of the Connecticut valley were eager for a royal char-

ter. They had conquered the Pequods; they had bought the lands of the Mohegans; they had purchased the claims of the earl of Warwick; it only remained to secure all these acquisitions with a patent from the king. The infant republic selected its best and truest man, the scholarly younger Winthrop, and sent him as ambassador to London. He bore with him a charter which had been carefully prepared by the authorities of Hartford; the problem was to induce the king to sign it.

Winthrop obtained an audience with the sovereign, and did not fail to show him a ring which Charles I. had given as a pledge of friendship to Winthrop's grandfather. The little token so moved the wayward monarch's feelings that in a moment of careless magnanimity he signed the colonial charter without the alteration of a letter. Winthrop returned to the rejoicing colony, bearing a patent the most liberal and ample ever granted by an English monarch. The power of governing themselves was conferred on the people without qualification or restriction. Every right of sovereignty and of independence, except the name, was conceded to the new State. The territory included under the charter extended from the bay and river of the Narragansetts westward to the Pacific.

For fourteen years the excellent Winthrop was annually chosen governor of the colony. Every year added largely to the population and wealth of the province. The civil and religious institutions were the freest and best in New England.

Peace reigned; the husbandman was undisturbed in the field, the workman in his shop. Even during King Philip's War, Connecticut was saved from invasion. Not a war-whoop was heard, not a hamlet burned, not a life lost, within her borders. Her soldiers made common cause with their brethren of Massachusetts and Rhode Island; but their own homes were saved from the desolations of war.

In July of 1675, Sir Edmund Andros, the governor of New York, arrived with an armed sloop at the mouth of the Connecticut. Orders were sent to Captain Bull, who commanded the fort at Saybrook, to surrender his post; but the brave captain replied by hoisting the flag of England and assuring the bearer of the message that his master would better retire. Andros, however, landed and came to a parley with the officers of the fort. He began to read his commission, but was ordered to stop. In vain did the arrogant magistrate insist that the dominions of the duke of York extended from the Connecticut to the Delaware. "Connecticut has her own charter, signed by His Gracious Majesty King Charles II.," said Captain Bull. "Leave off your reading, or take the consequences!" The argument prevailed, and the red-coated governor, trembling with rage, was escorted to his boat by a company of Saybrook militia.

In 1686, when Andros was made royal governor of New England, Connecticut was included in his jurisdiction. The first year of his administration

was spent in establishing his authority in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. In the following October he made his famous visit to Hartford. On the day of his arrival he invaded the provincial assembly while in session, seized the book of minutes, and with his own hand wrote Finis at the bottom of the page. He demanded the immediate surrender of the colonial charter. Governor Treat pleaded long and earnestly for the preservation of the precious document. Andros was inexorable. The shades of evening fell. Tradition informs us, as stated on a preceding page, that Joseph Wadsworth found in the gathering darkness an opportunity to conceal the cherished parchment. Two years later, when the government of Andros was overthrown, Connecticut made haste to restore her liberties.

In the autumn of 1693, another attempt was made to subvert the freedom of the colony. Fletcher, the governor of New York, went to Hartford to assume command of the militia of the province. He bore a commission from King William; but by the terms of the charter the right of commanding the troops was vested in the colony itself. The general assembly refused to recognize the authority of Fletcher, who, nevertheless, ordered the soldiers under arms and proceeded to read his commission as colonel. "Beat the drums!" shouted Captain Wadsworth, who stood at the head of the company. "Silence!" said Fletcher; the drums ceased, and the reading began again. "Drum! drum!" cried Wadsworth; and

a second time the voice of the reader was drowned in the uproar. "Silence! silence!" shouted the enraged governor. The dauntless Wadsworth stepped before the ranks and said, "Colonel Fletcher, if I am interrupted again, I will let the sunshine through your body in an instant." That ended the controversy. Benjamin Fletcher thought it better to be a living governor of New York than a dead colonel of the Connecticut militia.

"I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." Such were the words of ten ministers who, in the year 1700, assembled at the village of Branford, a few miles east of New Haven. Each of the worthy fathers, as he uttered the words, deposited a few volumes on the table around which they were sitting; such was the founding of Yale College. In 1702 the school was formally opened at Saybrook, where it continued for fifteen years, and was then removed to New Haven. One of the most liberal patrons of the college was Elihu Yale, from whom the famous institution of learning derived its name. Common schools had existed in almost every village of Connecticut since the planting of the colony.

The half-century preceding the French and Indian war was a period of prosperity to all the western districts of New England. Connecticut was especially favored. Almost unbroken peace reigned throughout her borders. The blessings of a free commonwealth were realized in full measure. The farmer reaped his fields in cheerfulness

and hope. The mechanic made glad his dusty shop with anecdote and song. The merchant feared no duty, the villager no taxes. Want was unknown and pauperism unheard of. Wealth was little cared for and crime of rare occurrence among a people with whom intelligence and virtue were the only foundations of nobility. With fewer dark pages in her history, less austerity of manners and greater liberality of sentiment, Connecticut had all the lofty purposes and shining virtues of Massachusetts. The visions of Hooker and Haynes, and the dreams of the quiet Winthrop, were more than realized in the happy homes of the Connecticut valley.

CHAPTER VII

RHODE ISLAND

It was in June of 1636 that the exiled Roger Williams left the country of the Wampanoags and passed down the Seekonk to Narragansett River. His object was to secure a safe retreat beyond the limits of Plymouth colony. He, with his five companions, landed on the western bank, purchased the soil of the Narragansett sachems, and laid the foundations of Providence. Other exiles joined the company. New farms were laid out, new fields were plowed, and new houses built; here, at last, was found at Providence Plantation a refuge for all the distressed and persecuted.

The leader of the new colony was a native of Wales; born in 1606; liberally educated at Cambridge; the pupil of Sir Edward Coke, in after years the friend of Milton; a dissenter; a hater of ceremonies; a disciple of truth in its purest forms; an uncompromising advocate of freedom; exiled *to* Massachusetts, and now exiled *by* Massachusetts, he brought to the banks of the Narragansett the great doctrines of perfect religious liberty and the equal rights of men. If the area of Rhode Island had corresponded with the grandeur of the principles on which she was founded, who could have foretold her destiny?

The beginning of civil government in Rhode Island was simple and democratic. Mr. Williams was the natural ruler of the little province, but he reserved for himself neither wealth nor privilege. The lands which he purchased from Canonicus and Miantonomoh were freely distributed among the colonists. Only two small fields, to be planted and tilled with his own hands, were kept by the benevolent founder for himself. How different from the grasping avarice of Wingfield and Lord Cornbury! All the powers of the colonial government were intrusted to the people. A simple agreement was made and signed by the settlers that in all matters not affecting the conscience they would yield a cheerful obedience to such rules as the majority might make for the public welfare. In questions of religion the individual conscience should be to every man a guide.

The new government stood the test of experi-

ence. The evil prophecies of its enemies were unfulfilled. It was found that all religious sects could live together in harmony, and that difference of opinion was not a bar to friendship. All beliefs were welcome at Narragansett Bay. Miantonomoh, the young sachem of the Narragansetts, loved Roger Williams as a brother. It was the confidence of this chieftain that enabled Williams to notify Massachusetts of the Pequod conspiracy, and then at the hazard of his life to defeat the plans of the hostile nation. This magnanimous act awakened the old affections of his friends at Salem and Plymouth, and an effort was made to recall him and his fellow-exiles from banishment. It was urged that a man of such gracious abilities, so full of patience and charity, could never be dangerous in a State; but his enemies answered that the principles and teachings of Williams would subvert the commonwealth and bring Massachusetts to ruin. The proposal was rejected.

During the Pequod war of 1637, Rhode Island was protected by the friendly Narragansetts. The territory of this powerful tribe lay between Providence and the country of the Pequods, and there was little fear of an invasion. The next year was noted for the arrival of Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends at the island of Rhode Island. The leaders of the company were John Clarke and William Coddington. Roger Williams made haste to welcome them to his province, where no man's conscience might be distressed. Governor Vane of Massachusetts, sympathizing with the refugees,

prevailed with Miantonomoh to make them a gift of Rhode Island. Here, in the early spring of 1638, the colony was planted. The first settlement was made at Portsmouth, in the northern part of the island. Other exiles came to join their friends, and civil government was thought desirable. The Jewish nation furnished the model. William Coddington was chosen judge in the new Israel of Narragansett Bay, and three elders were appointed to assist him in the government. In the following year the title of judge gave way to that of governor, and the administration became more modern in its methods. At the same time a party of colonists removed from Portsmouth, already crowded with exiles, to the southwestern part of the island, and laid the foundations of Newport.

The island was soon peopled. The want of civil government began to be felt as a serious inconvenience. Mr. Coddington's new Israel had proved an utter failure. In March of 1641 a public meeting was convened; the citizens came together on terms of perfect equality, and the task of framing a constitution was undertaken. In three days the instrument was completed. The government was declared to be a "Democracie," or government by the people. The supreme authority was lodged with the whole body of freemen in the island; and freemen, in this instance, meant everybody. The vote of the majority should always rule. No soul should be distressed on account of religious doctrine. A seal of State

was ordered, having for its design a sheaf of arrows and a motto of "Amor vincet omnia." The little republic of Narragansett Bay was named the Plantation of Rhode Island.

The exiled republicans of Rhode Island now determined to appeal to the English government for a charter. Roger Williams was accordingly appointed agent of the two plantations and sent to London. He was cordially received by his old and steadfast friend Sir Henry Vane, now an influential member of Parliament. The plea of Rhode Island was heard with favor; and on the 14th of March in the following year the coveted charter was granted. Great was the rejoicing when the successful ambassador returned to his people. Rhode Island had secured her independence.

The first general assembly of the province was convened at Portsmouth, in 1647. The new government was organized in strict accordance with the provisions of the charter. A code of laws was framed; the principles of democracy were reaffirmed, and full religious toleration and freedom of conscience guaranteed to all. A president and subordinate officers were chosen, and Rhode Island began her career as an independent colony.

Once the integrity of the province was endangered. In 1651, William Coddington, who had never been satisfied with the failure of his Jewish commonwealth, succeeded in obtaining from the English council of state a decree by which the island of Rhode Island was separated from the

common government. But the zealous protests of John Clarke and Roger Williams, who went a second time to London, prevented the disunion, and the decree of separation was revoked. The grateful people now desired that their magnanimous benefactor should be commissioned by the English council as governor of the province; but the blind gratitude of his friends could not prevail over the wisdom of the prudent leader. He foresaw the danger, and refused the tempting commission. Roger Williams was proof against all the seductions of ambition.

The faithful Clarke remained in England to guard the interests of the colony. It was not long until his services were greatly needed. The restoration of monarchy occurred in 1660. Charles II. came home in triumph from his long exile. Rhode Island had accepted a charter from the Long Parliament; that Parliament had driven Charles I. from his throne, had made war upon him, beaten him in battle, imprisoned him, beheaded him. Was it likely that the son of that monarch would allow a colonial charter issued by the Long Parliament to stand? The people of Rhode Island had hardly the courage to plead for the preservation of their liberty; but taking heart, they wrote a loyal petition to the new sovereign, praying for the renewal of their charter. To their infinite delight, and to the wonder of after times, the king listened with favor; Clarendon, the minister, assented; and on the 8th of July, 1663, the charter was reissued. The freedom of the colony was in no wise re-

stricted. All the liberal provisions of the parliamentary patent were revived. Not even an oath of allegiance was required of the people.

On the 24th of November the island of Rhode Island was thronged with people. George Baxter had come with the charter. Opening the box that contained it, he held aloft the precious parchment. There, sure enough, was the signature of King Charles II. There was His Majesty's royal stamp; there was the broad seal of England. The charter was read aloud to the joyful people. The little "democracie" of Rhode Island was safe. The happy colonists were not to blame when they began their letter of thanks as follows: "To King Charles of England, for his high and inestimable —yea, incomparable—favor."

For nearly a quarter of a century Rhode Island prospered. The distresses of King Philip's War were forgotten. Roger Williams grew old and died. At last came Sir Edmund Andros, the enemy of New England. After overthrowing the liberties of Massachusetts, he next demanded the surrender of the charter of Rhode Island. The demand was for a while evaded by Governor Walter Clarke and the colonial assembly. But Andros, not to be thwarted, repaired to Newport, dissolved the government, and broke the seal of the colony. Five irresponsible councilors were appointed to control the affairs of the province, and the commonwealth was in ruins.

But the usurpation was as brief as it was shameful. In the spring of 1689 the news was borne

to Rhode Island that James II. had abdicated the throne of England, and that Andros and his officers were prisoners at Boston. On May-day the people rushed to Newport and made a proclamation of their gratitude for the great deliverance.

Again the little State around the Bay of Narragansett was prosperous. For more than fifty years the peace of the colony was undisturbed. The principles of the illustrious founder became the principles of the commonwealth. The renown of Rhode Island has not been in vastness of territory, in mighty cities or victorious armies, but in a steadfast devotion to truth, justice, and freedom.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the year 1622 the territory lying between the rivers Merrimac and Kennebec, reaching from the sea to the St. Lawrence, was granted by the council of Plymouth to Sir Ferdinand Gorges and John Mason. The history of New Hampshire begins with the following year. For the proprietors made haste to secure their new domain by actual settlements. In the early spring of 1623 two small companies of colonists were sent out by Mason and Gorges to people their province. The coast of New Hampshire had first been visited by Martin Pring in 1603. Eleven years later the restless

Captain Smith explored the spacious harbor at the mouth of the Piscataqua, and spoke with delight of the deep and tranquil waters.

One party of the new immigrants landed at Little Harbor, two miles south of the present site of Portsmouth, and began to build a village. The other party proceeded upstream, entered the Cocheco, and, four miles above the mouth of that tributary, laid the foundations of Dover. With the exception of Plymouth and Weymouth, Portsmouth and Dover are the oldest towns in New England. But the progress of the settlements was slow; for many years the two villages were only fishing-stations. In 1629 the proprietors divided their dominions, Gorges retaining the part north of the Piscataqua, and Mason taking exclusive control of the district between the Piscataqua and the Merrimac. In May of this year, Rev. John Wheelwright, who soon afterward became a leader in the party of Anne Hutchinson, visited the Abenaki chieftains, and purchased their claims to the soil of the whole territory held by Mason; but in the following November, Mason's title was confirmed by a second patent from the council, and the name of the province was changed from Laconia to New Hampshire. Very soon Massachusetts began to urge her chartered right to the district north of the Merrimac; already the claims to the jurisdiction of the new colony were numerous and conflicting.

In November of 1635, Mason died, and his widow undertook the government of the province.

But the expenses of the colony were greater than the revenues; the chief tenants could not be paid for their services; and after a few years of mismanagement the territory was given up to the servants and dependents of the late proprietor. Such was the condition of affairs when Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends were banished from Boston. Wheelwright, who was of the number, now found use for the lands which he had purchased in New Hampshire. When Clarke and Coddington, leading the greater number of the exiles, set out for Rhode Island, Wheelwright, with a small party of friends, repaired to the banks of the Piscataqua. At the head of tide-water on that stream they halted, and founded the village of Exeter. The little colony was declared a republic, established on the principle of equal right and universal toleration.

The proposition to unite New Hampshire with Massachusetts was received with favor by the people of both colonies. The liberal provisions of the Body of Liberties, adopted by the older province in 1641, excited the villagers of the Piscataqua, and made them anxious to join the destinies of the free commonwealth of Massachusetts. A union was soon effected. It is worthy of special notice that the law of Massachusetts restricting the rights of citizenship to church members was not extended over the new province. The people of Portsmouth and Dover belonged to the Church of England, and it was deemed unjust to discriminate against them on account of their religion. New

Hampshire was the only colony east of the Hudson not originally founded by the Puritans.

The union continued in force until 1679. In the meantime the heirs of Mason had revived the claim of the old proprietor of the province. The cause had been duly investigated in the courts of England, and in 1677 a decision was reached that the Masonian claims were invalid as to the *civil jurisdiction* of New Hampshire, but valid as to the *soil*—that is, the heirs were the lawful owners, but not the lawful governors, of the territory. On the 24th of July, 1679, a decree was published by which New Hampshire was separated from the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and organized as a distinct royal province. The excuse was that the claims of the Masons against the farmers of New Hampshire would have to be determined in colonial courts, and that colonial courts could not be established without the organization of a separate colony. It was clearly foreseen that in such trials the courts of Massachusetts would always decide against the Masons. The purpose of the king became still more apparent when Robert Mason, himself the largest claimant of all, was allowed to nominate a governor for the province: Edward Cranfield was selected for that office.

The people of New Hampshire were greatly excited by the threatened destruction of their liberties. Before Cranfield's arrival the rugged sawyers and lumbermen of the Piscataqua had convened a general assembly at Portsmouth. The

first resolution which was passed by the representatives showed the spirit of colonial resistance in full force. "No act, imposition, law, or ordinance," said the sturdy legislators, "shall be valid unless made by the assembly and approved by the people." When the indignant king heard of this resolution, he declared it to be both wicked and absurd. It was not the first time that a monarch and his people had disagreed.

In November of 1682, Cranfield dismissed the popular assembly. Such a despotic act had never before been attempted in New England. The excitement ran high; the governor was openly denounced, and his claims for rent and forfeitures were stubbornly resisted. At Exeter the sheriff was beaten with clubs. The farmers' wives met the tax-gatherers with pailfuls of hot water. At the village of Hampton, Cranfield's deputy was led out of town with a rope round his neck. When the governor ordered out the militia, not a man obeyed the summons. It was in the midst of these broils that Cranfield, unable to collect his rents and vexed out of his wits, wrote to England begging for the privilege of going home. The "unreasonable" people who were all the time caviling at his commission and denying his authority were at length freed from his presence.

An effort was now made to restore New Hampshire to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts; but before this could be done the charter of the latter province had been taken away and Edmund Andros appointed governor of all New England.

The colonies north of the Merrimac, seeing that even Massachusetts had been brought to submission, offered no resistance to Andros, but quietly yielded to his authority. Until the English revolution of 1688, and the consequent downfall of Andros, New Hampshire remained under the dominion of the royal governor. But when he was seized and imprisoned by the citizens of Boston, the people of the northern towns also rose in rebellion and reasserted their freedom. A general assembly was convened at Portsmouth in the spring of 1690, and an ordinance was at once passed reannexing New Hampshire to Massachusetts. But in August of 1692 this action was annulled by the English government, and the two provinces were a second time separated against the protests of the people. In 1698, when the earl of Bellomont came out as royal governor of New York, his commission was made to include both Massachusetts and New Hampshire. For a period of forty-two years the two provinces, though retaining their separate legislative assemblies, continued under the authority of a common executive. Not until 1741 was a final separation effected between the colonies north and south of the Merrimac.

Meanwhile, the heirs of Mason, embarrassed with delays and vexed by opposing claimants, had sold to Samuel Allen, of London, their title to New Hampshire. To him, in 1691, the old Masonian patent was transferred. Lawsuits were begun in the colonial courts, but no judgments could

be obtained against the occupants of lands; all efforts to drive the farmers into the payment of rents or the surrender of their homes were unavailing. For many years the history of New Hampshire contains little else than a record of strife and contention. Finally, Allen died; and, in 1715, after a struggle of a quarter of a century, his heirs abandoned their claim in despair. A few years afterward one of the descendants of Mason discovered that the deed which his kinsmen had made to Allen was defective. The original Masonian patent was accordingly revived, and a last effort was made to secure possession of the province, but was all in vain. The colonial government had now grown strong enough to defend the rights of its people, and the younger Masons were obliged to abandon their pretensions. In the final adjustment of this long-standing difficulty the colonial authorities allowed the validity of the Masonian patent as to *the unoccupied portions* of the territory, and the heirs made a formal surrender of their claims to all the rest.

Of all the New England colonies, New Hampshire suffered most from the French and Indian Wars. Her settlements were feeble, and her territory most exposed to savage invasion. In the last year of King Philip's War the suffering along the frontier of the province was very great. Again, in the wars of William, Anne, and George, the villages of the northern colony were visited with devastation and ruin. But in the intervals of peace

the spirits of the people revived, and the hardy settlers returned to their wasted farms to begin anew the struggle of life. Out of these conflicts and trials came that sturdy and resolute race of pioneers who bore such a heroic part in the greater contests of after years.

COLONIAL HISTORY.—CONTINUED

A.D. 1614-1754

MIDDLE COLONIES

CHAPTER I

NEW YORK

For ten years after the founding of New Amsterdam the colony was governed by directors. These officers were appointed and sent out by the Dutch East India Company, in accordance with the charter of that corporation. The settlement on Manhattan Island was as yet only a village of traders. Not until 1623 was an actual colony sent from Holland to New Netherland. Two years previously, the Dutch West India Company had been organized, with the exclusive privilege of planting settlements in America. The charter of this company was granted for a period of twenty-four years, with the privilege of renewal; and the ter-

ritory to be colonized extended from the Strait of Magellan to Hudson's Bay. Manhattan Island, with its cluster of huts, passed at once under the control of the new corporation.

In April of 1623, the ship *New Netherland,* having on board a colony of thirty families, arrived at New Amsterdam. The colonists, called Walloons, were Dutch Protestant refugees from Flanders, in Belgium. They were of the same religious faith with the Huguenots of France, and came to America to find repose from the persecutions of their own country. Cornelius May was the leader of the company. The greater number of the new immigrants settled with their friends on Manhattan Island; but the captain, with a party of fifty, passing down the coast of New Jersey, entered and explored the Bay of Delaware. Here, at a point a few miles below Camden, a site was selected and a block-house built named Fort Nassau. The natives were won over by kindness; and when shortly after the fort was abandoned and the settlers returned to New Amsterdam, the Indians witnessed their departure with affectionate regret. In the same year Joris, another Dutch captain, ascended the Hudson to Castle Island, where, nine years previously, Christianson had built the older Fort Nassau. Joris sailed upstream a short distance and rebuilt the fortress on the present site of Albany. The name of this northern outpost was changed to Fort Orange.

In 1624 civil government began in New Neth-

erland. Cornelius May was first governor of the colony. His official duties, however, were only such as belonged to the superintendent of a trading-post. Herds of cattle, swine, and sheep were brought over from Holland and distributed among the settlers. In January of 1626, Peter Minuit, of Wesel, was regularly appointed by the Dutch West India Company as governor of New Netherland. Until this time the natives had retained the ownership of Manhattan Island; but on Minuit's arrival, in May, an offer of purchase was made and accepted. The whole island, containing more than twenty thousand acres, was sold to the Dutch for twenty-four dollars. The southern point of land was selected as a site for fortifications; there a block-house was built and surrounded with a palisade. New Amsterdam was already a town of thirty houses.

The Dutch of New Amsterdam and the Pilgrims of New Plymouth were early and fast friends. The Puritans themselves had but recently arrived from Holland, and could not forget the kind treatment which they had had in that country. They and the Walloons were alike exiles fleeing from persecution and tyranny. In 1628 the population of Manhattan numbered two hundred and seventy. The settlers devoted their chief energies to the fur-trade. Every bay, inlet, and river between Rhode Island and the Delaware was visited by their vessels. The colony gave promise of rapid development and of great profit to the proprietors. If the houses were rude and

thatched with straw, there was energy and thrift within. If only wooden chimneys carried up the smoke, the fires of the hearthstones were kindled with laughter and song. If creaking windmills flung abroad their ungainly arms in the winds of Long Island Sound, it was proof that the people had families to feed and meant to feed them.

The West India Company now came forward with a new and peculiar scheme of colonization. In 1629, the corporation created a Charter of Privileges, under which a class of proprietors called patroons were authorized to possess and colonize the country. Each patroon might select anywhere in New Netherland a tract of land not more than sixteen miles in length, and of a breadth to be determined by the location. On the banks of a navigable river not more than eight miles might be appropriated by one proprietor. Each district was to be held in fee simple by the patroon, who was empowered to exercise over his estate and its inhabitants the same authority as did the hereditary lords of Europe. The conditions were that the estates should be held as dependencies of Holland; that each patroon should purchase his domain of the Indians; and that he should, within four years from the date of his title, establish on his manor a colony of not less than fifty persons. Education and religion were commended in the charter, but no provision was made for the support of either.

In April of 1633, Minuit was superseded in the government of New Netherland by Wouter van Twiller. Three months previously the Dutch had

purchased of the natives the soil around Hartford, and had erected a block-house within the present limits of the city. This was the first fortress built on the Connecticut River; but the Puritans, though professing friendship, were not going to give up the valley without a struggle. In October of the same year an armed vessel, sent out from Plymouth, sailed up the river and openly defied the Dutch commander at Hartford. Passing the fortress, the English proceeded upstream to the mouth of the river Farmington, where they landed and built Fort Windsor. Two years later, by the building of Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut, the English obtained command of the river both above and below the Dutch fort. The block-house at Hartford, being thus cut off, was comparatively useless to the authorities of New Netherland; English towns multiplied in the neighborhood; and the Dutch finally surrendered their eastern outpost to their more powerful rivals.

Four of the leading European nations had now established permanent colonies in America. The fifth to plant an American State was Sweden. As early as 1626, Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant king of that country and the hero of his age, had formed the design of establishing settlements in the West. For this purpose a company of merchants had been organized, to whose capital the king himself contributed four hundred thousand dollars. The objects had in view were to form a refuge for persecuted Protestants and to extend Swedish commerce. But before his plans of colo-

nization could be carried into effect, Gustavus became involved in the Thirty Years' War, then raging in Germany. In November of 1632 the Swedish king was killed at the battle of Lützen. For a while it seemed that the plan of colonizing America had ended in failure, but Oxenstiern, the great Swedish minister, took up the work which his master had left unfinished. The charter of the company was renewed, and after four years of preparation the enterprise was brought to a successful issue.

In the meantime, Peter Minuit, the recent governor of New Netherland, had left the service of Holland and entered that of Sweden. To him was intrusted the management of the first Swedish colony which was sent to America. Late in the year 1637, a company of Swedes and Finns left the harbor of Stockholm, and in the following February arrived in Delaware Bay. Never before had the Northerners beheld so beautiful a land. They called Cape Henlopen the Point of Paradise. The whole country, sweeping around the west side of the bay and up the river to the falls at Trenton, was honorably purchased of the Indians. The name of New Sweden was given to this fine territory. On the left bank of a small creek, at a point about six miles from the bay, a spot was chosen for the settlement. Here the foundations of a fort were laid, and the immigrants soon provided themselves with houses. The creek and the fort were both named in honor of Christiana, the maiden queen of Sweden.

The colony prospered greatly. By each returning ship letters were borne to Stockholm, describing the loveliness of the country. Immigration became rapid and constant. At one time, in 1640, more than a hundred families, unable to find room on the crowded vessels which were leaving the Swedish capital, were turned back to their homes. The banks of Delaware Bay and River were dotted with pleasant hamlets. On every hand appeared the proofs of well-directed industry. Of all the early settlers in America, none were more cheerful, intelligent, and virtuous than the Swedes.

From the first, the authorities of New Amsterdam were jealous of the colony on the Delaware. Sir William Kieft, who had succeeded the incompetent Van Twiller in the governorship, sent an earnest remonstrance to Christiana, warning the settlers of their intrusion on Dutch territory. As a precautionary measure he sent a party to rebuild Fort Nassau, on the old site below Camden. The Swedes, regarding this fortress as a menace to their colony, adopted active measures of defense. Ascending the river to within six miles of the mouth of the Schuylkill, they landed on the island of Tinicum, and built an impregnable fort of hemlock logs. Here, in 1643, Governor Printz established his residence. To Pennsylvania, as well as to Delaware, Sweden contributed the earliest colony.

In 1640, New Netherland became involved in a war with the Indians of Long Island and New Jersey. Dishonest traders had maddened them

with rum and then defrauded and abused them. Burning with resentment and hate, the savages of the Jersey shore crossed over to Staten Island, laid waste the farms and butchered the inhabitants. A company of militia was organized and sent against the Delawares of New Jersey, but nothing resulted from the expedition. A large bounty was offered for every member of the tribe of the Raritans, and many were hunted to death. On both sides the war degenerated into treachery and murder. Through the mediation of Roger Williams, the great peacemaker of Rhode Island, a truce was obtained, and immediately broken. A chieftain's son, who had been made drunk and robbed, went to the nearest settlement and killed the first Hollander whom he met. Governor Kieft demanded the criminal, but the sachems refused to give him up. They offered to pay a heavy fine for the wrong done, but Kieft would accept nothing less than the life of the murderer.

While the dispute was still unsettled, a party of the terrible Mohawks came down the river to claim and enforce their supremacy over the natives of the coast. The timid Algonquins in the neighborhood of New Amsterdam cowered before the mighty warriors of the North, huddled together on the bank of the Hudson, and begged assistance of the Dutch. Here the vindictive Kieft saw an opportunity of wholesale destruction. A company of soldiers set out secretly from Manhattan, crossed the river, and discovered the lair of the Indians. The place was surrounded by

night, and the first notice of danger given to the savages was the roar of muskets. Nearly a hundred of the poor wretches were killed before daydawn. Women who shieked for pity were mangled to death, and children were thrown into the river.

When it was known among the tribes that the Dutch, and not the Mohawks, were the authors of this outrage, the war was renewed with fury. The Indians were in a frenzy. Dividing into small war-parties, they concealed themselves in the woods and swamps; then rose, without a moment's warning, upon defenseless farmhouses, burning and butchering without mercy. At this time that noted woman, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, was living with her son-in-law in the valley of the Housatonic. Her house was surrounded and set on fire by the savages; every member of the family except one child was cruelly murdered. Mrs. Hutchinson herself was burned alive.

In 1643, Captain John Underhill, a fugitive from Massachusetts, was appointed to the command of the Dutch forces. At the head of a regiment raised by Governor Kieft he invaded New Jersey, and brought the Delawares into subjection. On the 30th of August, 1645, a treaty of peace was concluded at Fort Amsterdam.

Nearly all of the bloodshed and sorrow of these five years of war may be charged to Governor Kieft. He was a revengeful and cruel man, whose idea of government was to destroy whatever opposed him. The people had many times desired

to make peace with the Indians, but the project had always been defeated by the headstrong passions of the governor. A popular party, headed by the able De Vries, at last grew powerful enough to defy his authority. As soon as the war was ended, petitions for his removal were circulated and signed by the people. Two years after the treaty, the Dutch West India Company revoked his commission and appointed Peter Stuyvesant to succeed him. In 1647, Kieft embarked for Europe; but the heavy-laden merchantman in which he sailed was dashed to pieces by a storm on the coast of Wales, and the governor of New Netherland found a grave in the sea.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK.—ADMINISTRATION OF STUYVESANT

THE honest and soldierly Peter Stuyvesant was the last and greatest of the governors of New Netherland. He entered upon his duties on the 11th of May, 1647, and continued in office for more than seventeen years. His first care was to conciliate the Indians. By the wisdom and liberality of his government the wayward Red men were reclaimed from hostility and hatred. So intimate and cordial became the relations between the natives and the Dutch that they were suspected of making common cause against the Eng-

lish; even Massachusetts was alarmed lest such an alliance should be formed. But the policy of Stuyvesant was based on nobler principles.

Until now the West India Company had had exclusive control of the commerce of New Netherland. In the first year of the new administration this monopoly was abolished, and regular export duties were substituted. The benefit of the change was at once apparent in the improvement of the Dutch province. In one of the letters written to Stuyvesant by the secretary of the company, the remarkable prediction is made that the commerce of New Amsterdam should cover every ocean and the ships of all nations crowd into her harbor. But for many years the growth of the city was slow. As late as the middle of the century, the better parts of Manhattan Island were still divided among the farmers. Central Park was a forest of oaks and chestnuts.

"Old Silver Leg"

In 1650, a boundary-line was fixed between New England and New Netherland. Governor Stuyvesant met the ambassadors of the Eastern colonies at Hartford, and after much discussion an eastern limit was set to the Dutch possessions. The line there established extended across Long Island north and south, passing through Oyster Bay, and thence to Greenwich, on the other side

of the sound. From this point northward the dividing-line was nearly identical with the present boundary of Connecticut on the west. This treaty was ratified by the colonies, by the West India Company, and by the states-general of Holland; but the English government treated the matter with indifference and contempt.

Stuyvesant had less to fear from the colony of New Sweden. The people of New Netherland outnumbered the Swedes as ten to one, and the Dutch claim to the country of the Delaware had never been renounced.

In September of 1655 the old governor put himself at the head of more than six hundred troops—a number almost equal to the entire population of New Sweden—and sailed to Delaware Bay. Resistance was hopeless. The Dutch forces were landed at New Castle, and the Swedes gave way. Before the 25th of the month every fort belonging to the colony had been forced to capitulate. Governor Rising was captured, but was treated with great respect. Honorable terms were granted to all, and the authority of New Netherland was established throughout the country. Except a few turbulent spirits who removed to Maryland and Virginia, submission was universal. After an existence of less than eighteen years, the little State of New Sweden had ceased to be.

How hardly can the nature of savages be restrained! While Governor Stuyvesant was absent on his expedition against the Swedes, the Algonquin tribes rose in rebellion. The poor creatures

were going to take New Amsterdam. In a fleet of sixty-four canoes they appeared before the town, yelling and discharging arrows. What could their puny missiles do against the walls of a European fortress? After paddling about until their rage, but not their hate, was spent, the savages went on shore and began their old work of burning and murder. The return of the Dutch forces from the Delaware induced the sachems to sue for peace, which Stuyvesant granted on better terms than the Indians had deserved. The captives were ransomed, and the treacherous tribes were allowed to go with trifling punishments.

For eight years after the conquest of New Sweden the peace of New Netherland was unbroken. In 1663 the natives of the county of Ulster, on the Hudson, broke out in war. The town of Esopus, now Kingston, was attacked and destroyed. Sixty-five of the inhabitants were either tomahawked or carried into captivity. To punish this outrage a strong force was sent from New Amsterdam. The Indians fled, hoping to find refuge in the woods; but the Dutch soldiers pursued them to their villages, burned their wigwams, and killed every warrior who could be overtaken. As winter came on, the humbled tribe began to beg for mercy. In December a truce was granted; and in May of the following year a treaty of peace was concluded.

Governor Stuyvesant had great difficulty in defending his province beyond the Delaware. The queen of Sweden and her ministers at Stockholm

still looked fondly to their little American colony, and cherished the hope of recovering the conquered territory. A more dangerous competitor was found in Lord Baltimore, of Maryland, whose patent, given under the great seal of England, covered all the territory between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bay, as far north as the latitude of Philadelphia. Berkeley, of Virginia, also claimed New Sweden as a part of his dominions. Connecticut pushed her settlements westward on Long Island, and purchased all the remaining Indian claims between her western frontier and the Hudson. Massachusetts boldly declared her intention to extend her boundaries to Fort Orange.

Discord at home added to the governor's embarrassments. For many years the Dutch had witnessed the growth and prosperity of the English colonies. Boston had outgrown New Amsterdam. The schools of Massachusetts and Connecticut flourished; the academy on Manhattan, after a sickly career of two years, was discontinued. In New Netherland heavy taxes were levied for the support of the poor; New England had no poor. Liberty and right were the subjects of debate in every English village; to the Dutch farmers and traders such words had little meaning. The people of New Netherland grew emulous of the progress of their powerful neighbors, and attributed their own abasement to the mismanagement and selfish greed of the West India Company. Without actual disloyalty to Holland, the Dutch came to prefer the laws and customs of England. Un-

der these accumulating troubles the faithful Stuyvesant was well-nigh overwhelmed.

Such was the condition of affairs at the beginning of 1664. England and Holland were at peace. Neither nation had reason to apprehend an act of violence from the other. In all that followed, the arbitrary principles and unscrupulous disposition of the English king were fully manifested. On the 12th of March in this year the duke of York received at the hands of his brother, Charles II., two extensive patents for American territory. The first grant included the district reaching from the Kennebec to the St. Croix River, and the second embraced the whole country between the Connecticut and the Delaware. Without regard to the rights of Holland, in utter contempt of the West India Company, through whose exertions the valley of the Hudson had been peopled, with no respect for the wishes of the Dutch, or even for the voice of his own Parliament, the English monarch in one rash hour despoiled a sister kingdom of a well-earned province.

The duke of York made haste to secure his territory. No time must be left for the states-general to protest against the outrage. An English squadron was immediately equipped, put under command of Richard Nicolls, and sent to America. In July the armament reached Boston, and thence proceeded against New Amsterdam. On the 28th of August, the fleet passed the Narrows, and anchored at Gravesend Bay. The English camp was pitched at Brooklyn Ferry; and before the

Dutch had recovered from their surprise, the whole of Long Island was subdued. An embassy came over from New Amsterdam. Governor Stuyvesant, ever true to his employers, demanded to know the meaning of all this hostile array. To receive the surrender of New Netherland was the quiet answer of Nicolls. There must be an immediate acknowledgment of the sovereignty of England. Those who submitted should have the rights of Englishmen; those who refused should hear the crash of cannon-balls. The Dutch council of New Amsterdam was immediately convened. It was clear that the burgomasters meant to surrender. The stormy old governor exhorted them to rouse to action and fight; someone replied that the Dutch West India Company was not worth fighting for. Burning with indignation, Stuyvesant snatched up the written proposal of Nicolls and tore it to tatters in the presence of his council. It was all in vain. The brave old man was forced to sign the capitulation; and on the 8th of September, 1664, New Netherland ceased to exist. The English flag was hoisted over the fort and town, and the name of New York was substituted for New Amsterdam. The surrender of Fort Orange, now named Albany, followed on the 24th; and on the 1st of October the Swedish and Dutch settlements on the Delaware capitulated. The conquest was complete. The supremacy of Great Britain in America was finally established. From northern Maine to southern Georgia, the American coast was under the flag of England.